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A

MANUAL

OF

SPANISH ART AND LITERATURE

BY

A. B. BERARD

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PHILADELPHIA  
COWPERTHWAIT & CO.  
1866  
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## PREFACE.

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THIS little manual grew out of a want felt by the writer in her experience as a teacher,—viz., that of light and interesting sketches of the famous men of art and letters whose genius has filled the civilized world with their immortal renown.

The desire to supply in some measure this want has induced the preparation of this little volume; and Spain has been selected as the field for a first experiment, because no literature is more distinguished than is the elder Spanish for richness of invention, for beauty of style, for purity of moral tone, and for a lofty spirit of national pride and patriotic devotion.

With its projected companions, the Manuals of Italy and Germany, it is intended to awaken in the young reader a taste for literature and art, the gratification of which will be a source of future enjoyment.

As the local habitation which has been rendered illustrious by the genius of the great always excites a feeling of interest, the writer has adopted cities rather than centuries as the basis of connection or arrangement for the sketches of the several characters. It is due to the Rev. Robert Turnbull to state that this

plan was first suggested by his interesting book, "The Genius of Italy."

Occasionally a ballad or brief poetical extract has been introduced; but generally the simple aim has been to inspire interest, and lead the reader to peruse the charming pages of Ticknor, Roscoe, Sismondi, Hallam, and Schlegel, as well as the original writers in Spanish, Italian, and German literature. To Professor Ticknor the author desires to render the most grateful acknowledgments for the kind permission given to make use of his valuable work on Spanish Literature; a permission of which she has been happy to avail herself in nearly all of the translations from that language which appear in these pages.

"Fame," to use the striking language of Sismondi, "does not possess a strong memory. For a long flight, she relieves herself of all unnecessary incumbrances. She rejects, on her departure and in her course, many who thought themselves accepted by her, and she comes down to late ages with the lightest possible burthen." Therefore the names chosen in the manuals are few, and those chiefly whom we behold "through a succession of ages, like the loftiest summits of the Alps, which, the farther we recede from them, appear to rise higher."

## CONTENTS.

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### TOLEDO.

Language of Spain—Early Authors—Alfonso el Sabio—Don Juan Manuel—Juan Ruiz—Rabbi Santob—Ballad Literature—The Cid—Moorish Ballads—Chronicles—General—Of Particular Events—Of Distinguished Persons—Of Travels—Art—El Greco—Luis Tristan .....	PAGE 7
---	-----------

### VALLADOLID.

The City—Court of Juan II.—The King—Don Enrique de Villena—Marquis of Santillana—Cibdareal—Fernan Perez de Guzman—The Manriques—Art—Berruguete—Juan de Juni—Hernandez—The D'Arphes.....	37
---	----

### SALAMANCA.

Architecture—University—Colleges—Schools—Students—Juan de la Enzina—Luis Ponce de Leon—Modern School—Valdés—Jovellanos—Art—Fernando Gallegos.....	52
---	----

### CORDOVA.

Early Celebrity—Hosius—Scholars—The Moors in Spain—Caliphate of Cordova—Modern Scholars—Juan de Mena—Cespedes—Anecdote of Castillo.....	66
---	----

### GRANADA.

#### HISTORICAL.

Descriptive—The Alhambra—The Vega—Sierra Nevada—The Fortress and the Palace—Conquest of Granada.....	80
--	----

## GRANADA.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

	PAGE
The Alhambra—The Vega—Sierra Nevada—Conquest of Granada—Columbus—Literature—Mendoza—Juan Boscan—Garcilasso—Alonso Cano .....	94

## SEVILLE.

Antiquity—Moorish Remains—Art—Velasquez—Murillo—The New World—Las Casas—Lope de Rueda—Herrera.....	107
--	-----

## BARCELONA AND VALENCIA.

Provence—Provençal Language—Literature—Introduction into Spain—Royal Patronage—Persecution—Decline of the Provençal—Revival in Fourteenth Century—Villena—Ferrer—March—Roig—Extinction of the Language—Castilian Writers—San Pedro—Virues—De Castro—Cancioneros—Art—Juanes—Ribalta.....	123
---	-----

## MADRID.

Claims upon our Interest—Juan Valdés—Alcalá—Cervantes—Lope de Vega—Montalvan—Quevedo—Calderon—Ercilla—Art—Morales—Navarrete—The Escorial.....	137
---	-----

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TOLEDO.

Language of Spain—Early Authors—Alfonso el Sabio—Don Juan Manuel—Juan Ruiz—Rabbi Santob—Ballad Literature—The Cid—Moorish Ballads—Chronicles—General—Of Particular Events—Of Distinguished Persons—Of Travels—Art—El Greco—Luis Tristan.



THE inhabitants of this venerable city are accused of the boast that "Adam was the first King of Spain, and Toledo was his capital;" nay, more, that upon the creation of the world the sun began its course from the meridian of Toledo, thus recognizing the claim of that city as the centre and throne of the earth. Of its great antiquity there can be no doubt. When, in the year 606 B.C., Jerusalem was taken by the King of Babylon, many Jews fled from the calamities of their own land to "Tarshish" and the uttermost parts of the earth. Later, when the conquering hosts of Nebuchadnezzar visited Spain (supposed by some to be the "Tarshish" of Scripture), large numbers of Israelites accompanied them. These were permitted to remain in the country, and founded therein two settlements,—Toledo, and a second, supposed to be Granada. The name of the former is by some considered identical with the Hebrew Toledoth, "city of generations."

Toledo is built upon the rounded summits of seven low

hills, the bases of which are nearly encircled by the rapid-flowing Tagus. The old Iberian city long resisted the arms of Rome, and the people of this province were accounted the bravest in Spain. Within its territory stood the ancient Numantia, so renowned for the heroic siege, of fourteen years' continuance, which it sustained against the forces of the Republic. When at length famine and the overwhelming numbers of Scipio Africanus had reduced them to despair, the inhabitants set fire to their houses and perished in the flames. The conqueror entered the smouldering ruins of a burning city, but not a single human being of heroic Numantia survived to grace his triumph.

In the eighth century of the Christian era, Toledo, then the capital of the Gothic monarchy of Spain, surrendered to the Moorish conqueror Tarik. Its condition under the enlightened and tolerant rule of the Moor was in the highest degree prosperous and happy. This continued through nearly four centuries, at the end of which period, in the year 1085, the ancient capital was recovered to the Christians by the arms of Afonso the Brave, who made it his residence, taking the title of Emperor of Toledo, and appointing no less a personage than the Cid its first Alcayde.

The purest form of the Spanish language—"the glorious Castellano," as it has been called—is that spoken at Toledo. "Imperial Toledo" was made the standard of the Castilian tongue by Alfonso the Wise, who, in the Cortes held there in 1253, directed, "should there be a doubt in any part of his kingdom about the meaning of any Castilian word, that reference thereof should be had to" Toledo, and the use of the word as there employed should settle the question. The period of this important decision was but half a century removed from that which furnishes us with the works of the first authors of Spain. It will not, therefore, be inappropriate, in connection with this city, to

give a slight sketch of the language and early literature of Castile.

The language of Spain has for its basis the corrupted Latin spoken throughout the Peninsula during the latter days of the Roman domination. Its further materials have been furnished by the various races which, during the lapse of ages, have succeeded one another in the land. The Iberian, the Carthaginian, and the Celt contributed their due proportions, as the names of many an ancient river and mountain still bear witness. To the Arabian conquerors the language is still more greatly indebted, receiving from them many of the most graceful words in its vocabulary. Some additions to her speech have been gathered in from the wild gypsy populations of Andalusia; whilst not a few have come from the remotest quarters of the globe, the lingual tribute of her American or East Indian possessions. The proportion furnished by such various and far-distant sources is widely different. The Spanish writer Sarmiento attributes six-tenths of the Castilian tongue to a Latin origin, one-tenth to the Arabians, a third tenth to the Celts, and the remaining two he distributes among the various sources already mentioned.

The first specimen afforded of the written language of Spain is a curious document, called the Charter of Avilés, which bears date in the year 1155. It is a confirmation of privileges granted by the King Alfonso VII. to the town of Avilés in the Asturias. The most ancient compositions of Spain, as of other countries, are in poetry. The rude songs which celebrated the achievements of the Cid were no doubt made and sung contemporaneously with the heroic deeds which gave them birth. But their early authors are unknown, and, in the form in which these ballads have come down to us, they belong not to so remote an age.

The first author whose name is recorded in the history

of Spanish literature, is the priest Gonzalo de Berceo, of the monastery of San Millan, at Calahorra; who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century. His verses are all of a religious character, consisting of rhymed legends of the saints, or miracles of the Virgin. The best, perhaps, both in point of feeling and versification, is called "Mourning of the Madonna at the Cross."

Contemporary with Gonzalo de Berceo was Juan Lorenzo Segura, a priest of Astorga. He wrote a poem of ten thousand lines on the life and career of Alexander the Great. This Greek conqueror, more than any other hero of classical antiquity, found favor with the poets of the Middle Ages. In almost every country of Europe, we meet with a poem of this period, celebrating his praises and relating his adventures, which last, however, are made to resemble those of a sovereign or knight of the eleventh century, rather than the true exploits of the hero whose name they bear.

We come now to a royal author, whose works are more varied in character and of far greater importance to literature than those of the writers already mentioned. Alfonso the Tenth succeeded to the united crowns of Castile and Leon in the year 1252. From his skill in science, especially in algebra, astrology, and alchemy, he obtained the surname of "El Sabio," the learned or wise. The historian Mariana says of him, "He was more fit for letters than for the government of his subjects; he studied the heavens, and watched the stars, but forgot the earth, and lost his kingdom."

Alfonso el Sabio was doubtless the most learned man of his age; and he has left two monuments of his wisdom which may well incline us to doubt whether the ill success of his government was not as much owing to the rude character of the times, as to any want of ability on the part of this sovereign.

One of these monuments is the translation of the Sacred Scriptures into the Castilian tongue, and the second is a code of laws, called "Las Siete Partidas," or, The Seven Parts, from the number of heads into which it is divided. The laws were written in Castilian, and prepared with great care, under the king's direction, by the most learned professors of the University of Salamanca.

Dunham says of this code, "It is by far the most valuable monument of legislation, not merely of Spain, but of Europe, since the publication of the Roman code. It is still the basis of Spanish common law; for though more recent compilations exist, they are chiefly founded upon it, and cases which cannot be decided either by them or the local fueros must be decided by it. We may observe that, if all the other codes were banished, Spain would still have a respectable body of jurisprudence; for we have the experience of an eminent advocate in the royal tribunal of appeal for asserting that, during an extensive practice of twenty-nine years, scarcely has a case occurred which could not be virtually or expressly decided by the code in question."\*

Further than this, the influence of "Las Siete Partidas" has extended even to our own country and to our own times. When Florida and Louisiana became provinces of Spain, they received with the government the laws likewise of the mother-country. In this way the code of Alfonso became incorporated with the constitutions of these colonies, and, continuing in force after their admission into the United States, still exists as part of the statute law of these members of the Union.

The celebrated astronomical tables of Alfonso el Sabio, which, as Professor Ticknor remarks, "all the progress of science since has not deprived of their value," were con-

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\* History of Spain and Portugal, vol. iv. p. 109.

structed at Salamanca, by the aid of two eminent Arabian mathematicians from Granada.

The only undoubted poetical remains of this accomplished sovereign are his *Cántigas* or Chants in honor of the Virgin, composed after the Provençal manner, but written in the old Galician dialect; and his "Libro del Tesoro," a dissertation in verse on the philosopher's stone. In this latter poem the author asserts that the secret of the transmutation of metals into gold had been revealed to him by an Egyptian sage; and, as we may judge from the following stanzas, he claims to have made practical and successful application of it:—

"He made the magic stone, and taught me too:  
We toiled together first; but soon alone  
I formed the marvellous gold-creating stone,  
And oft did I my lessening wealth renew."

Alfonso el Sabio, whose reign proved a troubled career, and whose life had been marked by misfortunes, died in 1284, at Seville, "his only loyal city," as he sadly calls it in a letter to one of his adherents, written two years before his death.

The fourteenth century opens with another noble author, Don Juan Manuel, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise, and one who in an age of military and political turbulence still maintained the devotion to literature which characterized his race. At the early age of twelve years the princely boy distinguished himself in battle against the Moors, and at the age of twenty-eight he had attained to some of the most important positions in the kingdom. During the minority of Alfonso XI., Don Juan was made one of the regents of the realm, but deprived of authority immediately upon the accession of the young monarch. He took up arms against his sovereign, and from this time his whole career is one of warfare,—sometimes fighting

against the king or those nobles who were his enemies, and again in more creditable and successful conflict with the Moors.

Spain did not wait for the days of her Cervantes and Lope de Vegas to furnish instances in support of the assertion that "her best soldiers have ever been her best authors." In *Don Juan Manuel*, the warlike prince of the fourteenth century, we find the writer of the first prose fiction in the Castilian tongue. *Don Juan*, the descendant and progenitor of kings, seems to have set a higher value upon the honors which literature can confer, than upon those springing from any other source. He took great pains to have his works transcribed, in order to preserve them from alteration at the hands of literary depredators. He relates, in justification of the propriety of this course, the story of a troubadour-knight of Perpignan, which resembles an anecdote told of *Don Juan*'s contemporary the Italian *Dante*.

In both instances, the "brave songs wonderfully well made" of these poets were marred and altered in the singing by the tradesmen, who beguiled with them the hours of labor. In each case, the angry author took his revenge by falling upon and destroying the instruments or productions of the artisan's trade; and each, when called to account, justified his violent proceedings, by insisting that a greater wrong had been done him by the varlets who thus "plotted out so ill-favoredly" his fine songs, than had been inflicted upon them by the spoiling of a few productions of their rude handicrafts.

*Don Juan* winds up his story of the troubadour-knight with the following conclusion: "And now, knowing that I cannot hinder the books I have made from being copied many times, and seeing that in copies one thing is put for another, either because he who copies is ignorant, or because one word looks so much like another, and so the meaning

and sense are changed without any fault in him who first wrote it; therefore, I, Don Juan Manuel, to avoid this wrong as much as I may, have caused this volume to be made, in which are written out all the works I have composed; and they are twelve."

The most important of these twelve works which have come down to us is "El Conde Lucanor," or, The Count Lucanor. It is a book of stories or fables, forty-nine in number, which are professedly related by the minister of the count to afford his noble master guidance and goodly counsel in the affairs of life. The plan of the book is similar to that of the "Arabian Nights," and other Oriental fictions; which resemblance will not appear singular when we consider that the author for twenty years conducted warfare against the Moors, whilst occupying the honorable position of "Adelantado," or royal governor, of the country bordering upon Granada. He must in this position have had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with Arabian literature.

The stories, fables, or apogues, through which the advice of the courtier is conveyed, generally end with a proverb or moral maxim by way of giving force to the instruction. The well-known fable of the fox, who, in order to obtain the piece of cheese which a raven held in his beak, by flattery persuaded the bird to sing, ends with the rhymed maxim,—

"Quien te alabare con lo que non has en ti,  
Sabe que quiere relever lo que has de ti."

He who praises you for what you have not,  
Wishes to take from you that you have got.

Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, was a voluminous author of the age which we are considering. His works consist of some seven thousand verses, written in a great variety of measure and style, and upon an equal variety of subjects.

There are stories, adventures, poems, satires, and apologetics, many of them written with great spirit and fearlessness, bearing a marked resemblance in these respects to his contemporary the English poet Chaucer, who a little later (1372?) gave to the world, in his Canterbury Tales, a striking portraiture of English society in the fourteenth century. The following are a few verses taken from a translation in the "North American Review," of a poem by this author:—

"IN PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN."

"Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,  
Color, and price; and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—  
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,  
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

"There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;  
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—  
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation;  
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

"If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,  
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.  
*Now, of two evils choose the less,—*said a wise man of the East;  
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least."

Contemporary with the Arch-priest of Hita was another poet, the learned Jew Rabbi Don Santob of Carrion. In 1350, Pedro the Cruel ascended the throne of Castile, and in the same year we find a poem containing moral maxims addressed to the new sovereign by the Jew of Carrion. He implores the king not to despise or reject these counsels on account of their origin, urging

"Because upon a thorn it grows,  
The rose is not less fair;  
And wine that from the vine-stock flows.  
Still flows untainted there.

"The goshawk, too, will proudly soar,  
Although his nest sits low;  
And gentle teachings have their power,  
Though 'tis the Jew says so."

The most striking poem ascribed to this author is one which illustrates a wild and melancholy fancy of the Middle Ages,—the summons to the Dance of Death. Many a grim picture, as well as picturesque poem, produced in the monasteries of Germany, France, and England, represents the skeleton form of the King of Terrors, leading forth, by a power which none can resist, his partners for the fearful dance. The Spanish poem describes the summons and its reception, as it comes to all classes and ranks of society, from the revellers amid the splendors of the Pontifical court, down to the toil-worn dwellers in the peasant's cot.

“ ‘Come to the Dance of Death, all ye whose fate  
 By birth is mortal, be ye great or small;  
 And willing come, nor loitering, nor late,  
 Else force shall bring you struggling to my thrall:  
 For since yon friar hath uttered loud his call  
 To penitence and godliness sincere,  
 He that delays must hope no waiting here;  
 For still the cry is, Haste! and, Haste to all! ’

“ ‘Bring to my dance, and bring without delay,  
 Those damsels twain, you see so bright and fair;  
 They came, but came not in a willing way,  
 To list my chants of mortal grief and care:  
 Nor shall the flowers and roses fresh they wear,  
 Nor rich attire, avail their forms to save.  
 They strive in vain who strive against the grave:  
 It may not be; my wedded brides they are.’

“ And since 'tis certain, then, that we must die,—  
 No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress,—  
 Be it our constant aim unswervingly  
 To tread God's narrow path of holiness:  
 For He is first, last, midst. Oh, let us press  
 Onwards! and when Death's monitory glance  
 Shall summon us to join his mortal dance,  
 Even then shall hope and joy our footsteps bless.”

The last poet of this century—his claims, moreover, extending into other departments of literature—is the Grand Chancellor of Castile, Pedro Lopez de Ayala. His chief poem, called “Rhymes of a Palace,” is designed to enforce the responsibilities of the great in the affairs of government, and to urge upon them the duty of rebuking, by precept and example, the vices of their age.

The author’s long life, extending through the troubled reigns of four Spanish monarchs, afforded ample material for his sketches of the men and manners of his time. His description of justice condemns the perversion of this noble virtue in the days of wrong and violence in which the poet lived:—

“ True justice is a noble thing, that merits all renown ;  
It fills the land with people, checks the guilty with its frown ;  
But kings, that should uphold its power, in thoughtlessness look down,  
And forget the precious jewel that gems their honored crown.  
“ And many think by cruelty its duties to fulfil ;  
But their wisdom all is cunning, for justice doth no ill ;  
With pity and with truth it dwells, and faithful men will still  
From punishment and pain draw back, as sore against their will.”

Lopez de Ayala experienced the vicissitudes of fortune which fell to the lot of all who were connected with the public affairs of Castile at this period. When only eighteen years old, he served in the court of Pedro the Cruel. The vices of the monarch soon estranged the heart of the young courtier, and led him to espouse the cause of Pedro’s half-brother, Henry Count of Trastamara, who was contending for the crown. In the great battle of Najara, fought in the year 1367, Henry was defeated, the forces of Pedro being assisted by those of his powerful ally, the English Black Prince. Among the prisoners taken on the fatal field was Lopez de Ayala, the standard-bearer of Prince Henry.

He was conveyed to England, and there suffered an imprisonment of several years in the royal castle at Windsor. It was within the walls of his English prison that some of the most beautiful portions of his "Rimados de Palacio" were written. Upon his liberation, Lopez returned to Spain. The prince for whom he had fought was now on the throne of Castile; and his faithful vassal received the reward of his services by being made grand chancellor of the realm. This high position he retained through the reigns of the two succeeding sovereigns, and, in fact, up to the time of his death, which occurred in the reign of Henry III., in the year 1407. He attained the advanced age of seventy-five years.

The great chancellor was among those who sought to dissuade his royal master Juan I. from the fatal encounter on the field of Aljabarotta, in which the Spaniards suffered so disastrous a defeat that their monarch ordered his subjects to wear mourning for a year. Ayala was on this occasion one of the distinguished prisoners who graced the triumph of the victorious King of Portugal. This captivity, however, was neither so long nor so rigorous as his English one had been. The closing years of his life were passed in his native kingdom, under the comparatively tranquil reign of Henry III.

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The literature which we have hitherto been considering is that which was nurtured by the influences of a court, and most of the writers mentioned were of royal or knightly lineage. We now come to speak of a popular literature, which, springing up in the rude songs and ballads of the people, lays claim to an earlier birth than the productions of the earliest of courtly writers. Of these ballad compositions, the most ancient and most celebrated is that glorious old record of the chivalrous age of Spain,—the poem of the Cid.

“ Venging sconrge of Moors and traitors,  
 Mighty thunderbolt of war,  
 Mirror bright of chivalry,  
 Ruy, my Cid Campeador !”

By the middle of the eleventh century the Christians of the Asturias had recovered from the Moors nearly all the northwestern portions of the peninsula, together with the provinces of Aragon and Catalonia in the east. The spirit which animated the chivalrous struggle of eight centuries against the Moslem was at its height when arose Spain's mighty champion, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid.

This national hero, descended from a noble family, was born about the year 1025, at Burgos, in Old Castile. Whilst he was yet a mere stripling, his father, Diego Lainez, received an insult at the hands of Count Gomez, one of the mightiest nobles of the court. The spirit of Lainez grieved within him over the age and infirmities which prevented his requiting the wrong which had been done him; but the boy Rodrigo, moved by his father's distress, undertook the part of the avenger, and slew the haughty count in single combat.

“ Ne'er again thy foe can harm thee ;  
 All his pride is now laid low ;  
 Vain this hand is now to smite thee,  
 And this tongue is silent now.

“ Well have I avenged thee, father !  
 Well have sped me in the fight,  
 For to him is vengeance certain  
 Who doth arm himself with right.”

The delighted parent receives his young champion with tears and blessings.

“ Ah ! thou caitiff Count Lozano !  
 Heaven hath well avenged my wrong ;  
 Right hath nerved thine arm, Rodrigo,—  
 Right hath made the feeble strong.

“ At the chief place of my table,  
 Sit thee henceforth in my stead;  
 He who such a head hath brought me,  
 Of my house shall be the head.”

Immediately upon the death of Count Lozano, his daughter, Ximena Gomez, appeared before the king at Burgos, demanding the punishment of the Cid for the death of her father:—

“ Justice, king! I sue for justice,—  
 Vengeance on a traitorous knight.  
 Grant it me!—so shall thy children  
 Thrive, and prove thy soul’s delight.

“ Like to God himself are monarchs  
 Set to govern on this earth,  
 All the vile and base to punish,  
 And to guerdon virtuous worth.

“ But the king who doth not justice  
 Ne’er the sceptre more should sway,—  
 Ne’er should nobles pay him homage  
 Vassals ne’er his hests obey.”

The fear of evoking the anger of the Cortes and the nation prevented the king from granting the maiden’s demand, and the young Rodrigo was left at liberty. He now performed such deeds of heroic valor against the Moors, that by degrees the feelings of Ximena were effectually changed from hatred to admiration, and this finally deepened into a more tender sentiment.

She ceased to implore the king for vengeance upon the brave knight; and not long after the poem presents the picturesque scenes of the gay wedding of Don Rodrigo with Doña Ximena, in the royal city of Burgos.

Shortly after his marriage, we find the Cid assuming a novel character,—that of a pilgrim on his journey to the shrine of St. James at Compostella.

"Twenty young and brave hidalgos  
 With him did Rodrigo take;  
 Alms on every side he scattered  
 For God and Our Lady's sake."

On the way they encountered a poor leper, to whom Rodrigo extended the most distinguished charity. Drawing him out of the slough in which he lay prostrate and helpless, the pious knight brought him to the inn, seated him at his table, and finally shared with him his bed,—all to the great disgust and anger of his lordly companions. At midnight the leper disappeared, and in his stead Rodrigo beheld a white-robed figure, who thus addressed him:—

"I Saint Lazarus am, Rodrigo;  
 Somewhat would I say to thee;—  
 I the leper am to whom  
 Thou hast shown such charity.  
 Thou of God art well beloved—  
 He hath granted this to thee,  
 "That on whatsoe'er thou enterest,  
 Be it war or what it may,  
 Thou shalt end it to thine honor,  
 And shalt prosper day by day.  
 "To respect and pay thee reverence,  
 Moor or Christian ne'er shall fail;  
 None of all thy foes shall ever  
 Over thee in fight prevail.  
 "Life shall bring thee no dishonor,—  
 Thou shalt ever conqueror be;  
 Death shall find thee still victorious,  
 For God's blessing rests on thee."

Coimbra in Portugal, which had been won at the end of a seven years' siege by the Christians (St. James himself appearing, in the guise of a knight, to assure the final victory), was the scene of the Cid's admission to knighthood. On this interesting occasion the queen herself presented

him with his horse; whilst the Infanta Doña Urraca fastened the golden spurs, and the King Fernando girt on the sword and bestowed the accolade.

About this period in his career occurred the incident which conferred upon the new-made knight his title of Cid,—a Moorish term signifying a man of valor and noble birth. Five Moorish kings, whom he had conquered in battle, sent messengers to do him homage, presenting to him rich tribute, of horses elegantly caparisoned for himself, costly pearls for the Lady Ximena, and silken apparel for the nobles of his suite.

Kneeling at his feet, the messengers saluted him as their "Cid," or Lord. Rodrigo, with characteristic generosity, laid this costly tribute at the feet of his liege sovereign. The king, refusing to accept any portion of it, replied to the Moorish ambassadors,—

"Say ye to your lords, albeit  
This their Cid no crown doth wear,  
To no monarch is he second;  
With myself may he compare.

"All my realm, my wealth, my power,  
To this knight's good sword I owe;  
To possess so brave a vassal,  
Well it pleaseth me, I trow."

In the year 1065, Sancho II. ascended the throne of Castile, and shortly after deprived his brothers, Alfonso of Leon, and Garcia of Galicia, of the dominions inherited from their father. He sought, moreover, to wrest from his sister Doña Urraca her inheritance of Zamora, a strong city on the Duero, in the kingdom of Leon. This almost impregnable fortress excited the jealousy of the king:—

"See where on yon cliff Zamora  
Lifteth up her haughty brow;  
Walls of strength on high begird her,  
Duero swift and deep below.

“ Troth ! how wondrous strong she seemeth  
 In her panoply of towers ;  
 She, I wot, might bid defiance  
 To the world and all its powers !

“ Were she mine, that noble city,  
 Spain itself were not so dear ;  
 Cid, my sire did thee much honor,  
 Great love eke to thee I bear.

“ Wherefore charge I thee, Rodrigo,  
 As a vassal loyal, true,  
 Hie thee straight unto Zamora,  
 This my bidding for to do.”

The Cid performed his mission very reluctantly, after having exhausted every persuasion to turn the monarch from his unjust design. As he rode up to the fortress, the Infanta thus addressed him from the battlements :—

“ Away ! away ! proud Roderic !  
 Castilian proud, away !  
 Bethink thee of that olden time,  
 That happy, honored day,  
 When, at St. James's holy shrine,  
 Thy knighthood first was won ;  
 When Ferdinand, my royal sire,  
 Confessed thee for a son.  
 He gave thee then thy knightly arms,  
 My mother gave thy steed ;  
 Thy spurs were buckled by these hands,  
 That thou no grace might'st need.  
 And had not chance forbid the vow,  
 I thought with thee to wed ;  
 But Count Lozana's daughter fair  
 Thy happy bride was led.  
 With her came wealth, an ample store,  
 But power was mine, and state ;  
 Broad lands are good, and haves their grace,  
 But he that reigns is great.

Thy wife is well ; thy match was wise ;  
 Yet, Roderic ! at thy side  
 A vassal's daughter sits by thee,  
 And not a royal bride !"

The king pursued his evil purpose, but was treacherously slain before the walls of Zamora, and his brother Alfonso, in 1073, succeeded to the throne. To the new king Rodrigo de Bivar refused fealty until the sovereign had by solemn oath publicly sworn that he was guiltless of any part in the death of his brother Sancho, of which he was suspected.

" Within an old and Gothic pile the lamps with faintness beamed,  
 While round and down the vaulted aisle the Spanish banner  
 streamed,  
 And from the altar rose, the while, the incense' rich perfume,  
 As though Religion told her rites around a soldier's tomb.

" The altar round, on bended knee, thronged many a casquéed head,  
 The monks they tell their beads full well, and many a prayer is  
 sped ;

A sword upon the altar lies, a cross-bow made of wood,  
 While to hear Alphonso's oath the Cid in silence stood.

" Rodrigo, think not I am loath, in face of sword and chain,  
 Nay, before God, to make my oath the king I have not slain ;  
 Anointed blood shall never smear a true hidalgo's sword,  
 Dishonor ne'er shall crown his spear, nor treachery his word.

" Asturia's hardy mountaineer, with slow and stealthy pace,  
 His livid brow bedewed with fear, as ghastly as his face,  
 The traitor's dagger *might* conceal beneath a courtier's air,  
 But not a *knight* in all Castile so foul a deed would dare."

Alfonso, resenting the suspicions of the Cid, banished him from Castile, confiscating, moreover, his property and estates. No portion of Don Rodrigo's career is richer in glorious achievements than this of his exile. He won brilliant victories over the king's enemies, both Moorish and Christian, sending the rich spoils of battle in tribute to his ungrateful sovereign.

In the year 1094, after a siege of ten months, he captured the proud city of Valencia, to the sore grief of the Moslems, who bewailed its fate in many a touching ballad:—

“Gone are all the charms which made thee  
To thy children so divine.  
Could these walls but weep and wail thee,  
They would add their tears to mine.”

“O Valeucia! my Valencia!  
Allah quickly succor thee!  
Oft have I foretold what now  
Sore it grieveth me to see.”

It was whilst Don Rodrigo held court at Valencia that the marriage of his daughters, and their subsequent ill treatment by their lords, the Counts of Carrion, took place. The old ballads are filled with descriptions of these events, and of the punishment and disgrace which befell the craven sons-in-law at the hands of the outraged Cid.

At the end of five years from his conquest of Valencia, Rodrigo, worn by age and the hardships of a life spent in warfare, drew near his end. During his last sickness, the Apostle St. Peter, for whose shrine at Cardeña the Cid had always manifested great reverence, appeared to him in a vision, giving him the assurance,—

“Dear art thou to God, Rodrigo,  
And this grace he granteth thee;  
When thy soul hath fled, thy body  
Still shall cause the Moors to flee;  
And, by aid of Sautiago,  
Gain a glorious victory.”

The day before his death, the Cid took a tender farewell of his friends, and of his beloved Ximena:—

“Friends, I sorrow not to leave ye;  
If this life an exile be,  
We who leave it do but journey  
Homeward to our family.”

He selected for his last resting-place the sacred shrine at Cardeña.

“ Ximena! let thy husband’s grave be in San Pedro’s shrine ;  
Above me let no banner wave, save Jesu’s holy sign !  
Soon as the parting soul is sped, and leaves to earth her spoil,  
Ximena, thou anoint my head with myrrh and holy oil ;  
Then buckle harness on my breast, and helmet on my head,  
And leave Bivar to take his rest among Spain’s gallant dead !”

He charges Ximena to have his body embalmed, clad in armor, and placed upon his war-steed Babieca, with his good sword “ Tizona ” in his hand, and in this manner to be led through the Moorish hosts. On the twelfth day after his death, all these requisitions had been complied with, and at midnight the solemn procession marched through the gates of Valencia. The infidels beleaguering the city attacked the funeral train, but were repulsed by miraculous hosts headed by Santiago, according to the promise made in the death-bed vision of the Cid.

The solemn train of the Christians pursued their march to Cardeña, a village about seven miles to the east of Burgos. Here the body of the Cid, according to Spanish chroniclers, remained, seated sword in hand for upwards of ten years. At the end of that time a deep pit was dug immediately in front of the high altar in San Pedro’s Church, and the chair containing the still erect body of the valiant hero was lowered into it.

These venerated remains have, like those of many other Spanish celebrities, been subjected to frequent removals during the many centuries since his death. In 1826 they were finally restored to their original tomb at Cardeña, with great ceremony, and have ever since been permitted to remain in the resting-place which the Cid, when dying, had appointed for them.

The literature of no other country can present so glorious a collection of spirit-stirring and romantic ballad-poetry

as that of Spain. Therein are recorded the chivalrous achievements of all their national heroes,—Don Roderick, the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, Charlemagne and his twelve peers, the Lords of Lara, and countless others, all of which the English reader may enjoy in the charming translations of Lockhart.

We have space but for one of these old ballads, “The Flight of Don Roderick,” of which we give the beautiful version furnished by an American poet, Edward Maturin.

“ The painted bird forgets his lay, and folds his wings to rest,  
Faded the amber light of day, and gloom is in the west;  
The earth in solemn silence hears the murmur of the wave,  
As its watery tribute on it bears, to make the sea its grave.

“ Dimly shines the evening star, like the fair bride of night,  
Sailing in her pearly car o'er waves of misty light;  
And scarce, I ween, the moon is seen, through rack and drifting cloud,  
For the storm hath wrapped the midnight sky in a pale and dismal shroud.

“ And who is he o'er mount and vale who wends his weary way?  
Worn his weeds, his cheek is pale, and hair in disarray;  
Rodrigo from the bloody plain of Xerez takes his flight,  
To shun the heaps of his thousand slain,—for a king a sorry sight!

“ And he hath ta'en a sad disguise on that drear and lonely way,—  
Weeds that a Palmer would not prize, so torn and bare are they;  
No jewelled crown upon his head,—no sceptre doth he hold,  
But poor and tattered robes instead of purple and of gold.

“ What soldier now could recognize the king he once adored?  
Oh! who could think that tattered guise concealed a kingly sword?  
Where are the glittering gems that shone in victory's hright day,—  
Gems that the Goths themselves had won from foes as strong as they?

“ Many a dint his armor bears, and many a crimson stain  
Upon its polished face appears,—the blood of Moorish slain;  
With blood and dust his face was smeared, his head in thought  
    was bent;  
The triumph of that luckless day was the reed on which he leant!

“ Sad images Don Roderick's eye at every step assail;  
Anon he hears the Moorish cry, anon the Christian wail;

He dares not look to Heaven, for there God speaks in every tone;  
He dare not look to earth—alas! that earth is not his own!

“That land is now another’s,—and he has nor crown nor throne;  
He throws with pride the tear aside, and stifles every groan.

‘Wo! wo betide the hour,’ he cried, ‘I first felt passion’s fires!—  
Wo worth the day I fell a prey to love’s accurst desires!

“ ‘Twas not the part of Gothic king his people to bewray  
For the deadly wile of woman’s smile, or her eye’s deceitful ray.  
Where is my kingdom’s glory gone, and where my people’s trust?  
Where are my sceptre and my throne? All trampled to the dust!

“And Cava!—thou fair enemy! thou Helena of Spain!  
Oh, would to God that I were blind ere I had worn thy chain!  
For in thy beauty slept the fire the flint within it bears:  
Our luckless passion now, alas! can scarce be quenched by tears.

“Would, Julian, that thy dagger’s point—foul traitor that thou art!  
Had found its way through harness-joint and pierced my very heart!  
The swarthy hordes of Afric’s land o’erspread our hills and plains:—  
I would the fragment of this brand could rend thy traitor’s veins!”

“He bowed his head upon his breast; his words were low and faint;  
His lips in agony were prest to the image of his saint;  
And ever and anon there fell a prayer for conquered Spain,  
That God would smite the Infidel, and break his country’s chain.’

The earlier Spanish ballads, born as they were amid the fierce conflicts with the Moor, are intensely Castilian and Christian in their tone and spirit. The Spaniard might borrow of the Infidel his knightly accomplishments in wielding sword or lance, but, in the earlier ages, Arabian literature was shunned as blighting alike to his loyalty and to his religion. To quote the poetic language of an Edinburgh Reviewer, “The painted windows of Gothic churches were too deeply colored with the saints and martyrs of the Cross, to permit one ray of the Crescent to desecrate with its glare the solemn altar.”

But after the fall of Granada a marked change took place in this respect. The picturesque and the mournful, blended as they are in the last days of the decline of the

Moorish empire, suggested many a sweet strain of ballad-poetry. The fallen splendors of the Alhambra, the feuds of the Zegrís and Abencerrages, the heroism of those who struggled to avert the impending doom,—all furnished fruitful themes to the vivid imagination of the poet; and in the “Wo is me, Alhama!” “The Lamentation for Celin,” “Boabdil’s Farewell,” and others, we have some of the most beautiful ballads found in the collections of the sixteenth century.

When the progress of the Christian arms had carried the turbulence of war towards the Moorish frontier of Andalusia, the inhabitants of Castile began to cultivate those species of literature which require, in a greater degree than the wild strains and outbursts of the ballad, the favorable influences of calm, untroubled leisure. Ballad-poetry, whether lyrical or narrative, was the offspring of the people. Chronicles, which succeeded, found their origin and home in the courts of princes, or in monasteries under their control.

This species of literature is divided into four classes:—I. General or Royal Chronicles; II. Chronicles of Particular Events; III. Chronicles of Distinguished Persons; and, IV. Chronicles of Travels.

The first name to be mentioned in this connection is the illustrious one of Alfonso el Sabio, who about the middle of the thirteenth century composed a book called “The General Chronicle of Spain.” The work contains in its opening chapters a sketch of universal history; but the more elaborate and interesting portions (though not the most curious) are reserved for the record of Spanish annals. These are brought down to the death of the royal author’s father, St. Ferdinand, in 1252.

By old writers the Moorish conquest of the country was long called “The Ruin of Spain;” and in the mention of this memorable event occur many of the most striking

passages in the Royal Chronicle. The following, from Professor Ticknor's translation, may serve as a specimen:—

"Of the Good Things of Spain."—"For this Spain, whereof we have spoken, is like the very Paradise of God; for it is watered by five noble rivers, which are the Duero, and the Ebro, and the Tagus, and the Guadalquivir, and the Guadiana; and each of these hath, between itself and the others, lofty mountains and sierras; and their valleys and plains are great and broad; and, through the richness of the soil and the watering of the rivers, they bear many fruits and are full of abundance. And Spain above all other things is skilled in war, feared and very bold in battle; light of heart, loyal to her lord, diligent in learning, courtly in speech, accomplished in all good things. Nor is there a land in the world that may be accounted like her in abundance, nor may any equal her in strength, and few there be in the world so great. And above all doth Spain abound in magnificence, and more than all is she famous for her loyalty. O Spain! there is no man can tell of all thy worthiness!"

Another passage, entitled "The Lamentation of Spain," presents the mournful contrast to all this glory after the invasion of the Infidel:—

"All the land remained empty of people, bathed in tears, a byword, nourishing strangers, deceived of her own people, widowed and deserted of her sons, confounded among barbarians, worn out with weeping and wounds, decayed in strength, weakened, uncomforted, abandoned of all her own. . . . Forgotten are her songs, and her very language is become foreign, and her words strange."

In those portions of Alfonso's work which relate the adventures of Bernardo del Carpio, The Children of Lara, and especially the Cid, the royal author is no doubt greatly indebted to the earlier poetic literature of the country; whilst in turn this picturesque old Chronicle has furnished material and language to many a later ballad.

The next distinguished chronicler after King Alfonso is the Grand Chancellor of Castile, Lopez de Ayala. His work embracing the period of Spanish history from 1350 to 1396 is one of the most important and interesting monuments of his age.

Other royal and general chroniclers who succeeded him in the following century we shall notice in connection with Valladolid and the brilliant court of Juan II.

One of the most striking and interesting pictures of the age of chivalry in Spain—those days

"Of courtly gallantries,  
Of deeds of love and high emprise  
In battle done"—

is afforded by the chronicle of an event called "El Passo Honroso," or "The Passage of Honor."

The writer, who was an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes, relates how a gallant knight, Suero de Quiñones, in the year 1434, stationed himself at the bridge of Orbigo, not far from the city of Leon, and challenged all who came thither to single combat, performing all manner of knightly achievements in honor of his lady and the Virgin. This passage at arms was held by the valorous Quiñones at a time when a throng of knights and gentlemen must needs pass that road on their way to celebrate a sacred festival at the shrine of Santiago. This singular tournament lasted for thirty days, during which no less than sixty-eight knights accepted the challenge of Quiñones and his nine companions in arms who maintained the bridge. Six hundred and twenty-seven encounters resulted in the breaking of sixty-six lances, the death of one Aragonese knight, and the wounding of a great number of the combatants, among which were Quiñones and eight out of the nine who stood with him. The fiction of chivalry which here obtained such practical illustration was one worthy of the days of King Arthur and his Knights, or those of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, rather than of a period just forty years prior to the one at which the art of printing was introduced into Spain.

The gallant knight, proclaiming himself a captive to the charms of the noble lady of his love, had, in token of his

thraldom, worn on the Thursday of each week an iron chain about his neck. He now sought to redeem himself from this imaginary obligation or service by presenting to his mistress a certain number of lances won by him in encounter with all worthy and noble knights who would accept his challenge.

The circumstance that it was prepared on the spot by one who describes minutely not only the encounters, but all the devout and religious ceremonies which accompanied them, renders "El Passo Honroso" one of the most interesting of the Chronicles of Particular Events which have come down to us.

The Chronicles of Distinguished Persons, which belong to the third class, are numerous, but of very unequal merit. That of Alvaro de Luna, the Great Constable of Spain, in the reign of Juan II., and that of the Great Captain in the sixteenth century, Gonsalvo de Cordova, are among the best.

The Chronicle of Alvaro was written by an ecclesiastic,—probably a retainer, and certainly an undisguised and warm admirer, of the constable. With a spirit rising to eloquence in its earnestness and affection, the chronicler represents his subject as the greatest and truest man of his times. Those times, and the part which the Great Constable took in them, are described with a simplicity and minuteness of detail which alone would render the chronicle one of the most valuable records of that age.

The most prominent and perhaps altogether the most admirable among the chroniclers of biography flourished at the period which witnessed the downfall of the Moors in Spain. In Irving's "Conquest of Granada" it is related that during the siege the bold warrior Hernan Perez del Pulgar rode one night into the very heart of the Moorish city, and affixed a scroll inscribed with an Ave Maria to the door of the principal mosque. This deed of bold de-

fiance, with many other equally chivalric exploits, gained for this hero the title of "He of the Achievements." To him and his descendants, after the capture of Granada, was accorded the privilege of sitting in the choir when attending mass in the great cathedral, and to Perez himself was assigned an honorable tomb on the spot where he is said to have knelt when he affixed the Ave Maria to the door of the mosque.

It was this Hernan Perez del Pulgar, "He of the Achievements," who wrote a chronicle, or more properly a sketch, entitled "A Small Part of the Achievements of that Excellent Person called the Great Captain." It is a work altogether worthy, both in devotion of spirit and interest of details, of its chivalrous author and his equally renowned subject.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, so named from the place of his birth, entered upon his career of arms amid the stirring scenes which marked the last days of the downfall of Granada. In these the name of the young hero is heard associated with that of his elder brother, the renowned Alonso de Aguilar, in the siege of Ronda, the battles before Baza, the Queen's Skirmish, and other knightly achievements of the same daring character.

But it was in later years and in another land that the star of Gonsalvo was to shine forth in all its effulgence, eclipsing in its brilliancy that of even Granada's heroes. This truly great soldier laid the foundations of Spanish empire in Italy, and by his valor and wisdom established the viceroyalties of Naples and Milan, which for centuries were regarded as the proudest appanage of the Spanish crown. His campaigns in Italy won for Gonsalvo the just title of "The Great Captain."

The sketch of Hernan Perez gives a truthful, spirited, and in many instances a minute, record of the principal events in Gonsalvo's career. It is written in a style which

at every point evinces the author's sympathy and admiration for the achievements which he describes.

Of the fourth class of chronicles—those of travel—the earliest specimen is furnished in the curious and interesting account given by Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo of an embassy to the court of the Tartar conqueror Tamerlane. Henry III. of Castile, at the close of the fourteenth century, sent ambassadors to the East to establish friendly relations with the Greek Emperor, the Mohammedan Sultan, Tamerlane the Tartar, and other Oriental sovereigns. These Spanish envoys were present at the great battle of Angora, which terminated the career of Bajazet and his Ottoman Turks and established the Tartar dynasty in the Empire of Asia Minor. The elated conqueror sent a portion of the trophies of that memorable field to the Spanish monarch; and, in return, Henry of Castile despatched a second embassy, consisting of Clavijo and two companions, who visited Constantinople, Trebizond, Teheran, and Samarcand, the latter being at that time the capital of the great Tartar chief.

In the record of the chronicler, these interesting cities are all described as they existed in that remote age, and the adventures and experience of travel of that day in those distant countries duly narrated. The Eastern embassy of Clavijo bore date in the opening years of the fifteenth century: before its close, a new world in the Western Hemisphere gave subject for innumerable works of the class which we are considering.

Of these, such fragments of the narrative and letters of Columbus as have come down to us are by far the most worthy of regard. They are pervaded by that fervent religious enthusiasm and Spanish loyalty which marked the character of the great discoverer. In these respects they differ widely from the writings of succeeding chroniclers, which betray a spirit of narrow bigotry and political

intrigue which the interest of the adventures they relate can hardly be said to redeem.

The only distinguished artist of Toledo is Domenico Theotocopuli, who lived here towards the close of the sixteenth century. He is commonly called, from the country of his birth, El Greco. Before coming into Spain, El Greco had probably studied in the schools of Italy; for he is said to have been a pupil of Titian, and was a warm admirer of that master's style. He considered color the essential requisite in a picture, esteeming it a higher and more difficult attainment than drawing. El Greco carried this opinion to such an excess that it blinded him to the merits of the great master of art Michael Angelo, of whom he was wont to say, "he was a good sort of man, but did not know how to paint."

Of Theotocopuli, Ford says, "What he did *well* was excellent; while what he did *ill* was worse than anybody else." Numerous pictures by this master are to be seen at Madrid and elsewhere in Spain; but he is little, if at all, known out of that country. His master-piece, in the church of Santo Tomé at Toledo, is the Descent of St. Augustine and St. Stephen at the burial of Gonzalo Ruiz, who had been a great benefactor to the church in his lifetime, and had erected a chapel and convent in honor of the above-named saints.

Among El Greco's pupils was the Toledan Luis Tristan, to whom the master intrusted the execution of many commissions which he was himself unable to undertake. In this way Tristan was on one occasion employed to paint a picture of "The Last Supper" for a Hieronymite monastery. The monks were well pleased with the painting, but demurred at the price of two hundred ducats which the young artist demanded for his work. In this difficulty, El Greco was called in to value the picture.

No sooner had the master examined it, than, affecting to

be greatly incensed, he drove his astonished pupil from him with his cane, calling him a disgrace to his profession, and bestowing other opprobrious epithets. The monks now interfered on behalf of the discomfited Tristan, assuring El Greco that the inexperienced painter did not know that he had been exorbitant, and would, no doubt, submit to receive the price awarded by his master.

"In good truth," exclaimed El Greco, "he does not know what he has asked; and, if he does not get five hundred ducats for the picture, I desire it may be rolled up and sent to my house." The monks paid dearly for that ignorance which, possessing themselves, they had ascribed to the artist, being obliged to give the larger sum for the painting which had occasioned the dispute.



## Y ALLADOLID.

The City—Court of Juan II.—The King—Don Enrique de Villena—Marquis of Santillana—Cibdareal—Fernan Perez de Guzman—The Manriques—Art—Berrugneta—Jnan de Juni—Hernandez—The D'Arphes.



HIS old capital of the Spanish monarchy derives its name from the Moors,—“Belad-Walid,” the “City of Walid;”—Walid or Weléed I. being the Caliph of Bagdad during whose reign the conquest of Spain was effected. It was recovered by the Christians in the year 920, and towards the close of the eleventh century the foundations of its wealth and prosperity were laid under the government of its count Pedro Ansúrez.

In the fifteenth century Valladolid became the residence of Juan II. and his court. Then it rose without a rival among the cities of the land, and “villa por villa, Valladolid en Castilla,”—city for city, Valladolid in Castile,—became a proverb. The reign of the above-named monarch was disgraced by political intrigues and violence. Weakness and tyranny marked alike the conduct of the sovereign, of his favorites, and of the factions which distracted the realm. And yet few reigns in the annals of Spanish history have produced a greater number of distinguished scholars in nearly every department of literature.

First in rank was the king himself, who, according to the account of his physician, “recreated himself with the writing of verses,” and of whom the court-chronicler records that “he was much given to the reading of phi-

losophy and poetry, was skilled in matters of the church, tolerably learned in Latin, and a great respecter of such men as had knowledge." But few remains of the royal scholar have descended to our times; and we therefore turn to other personages of that brilliant court, of whose literary merits we have better means of forming an opinion. The first of these, Henry, Marquis of Villena, the kinsman of the monarch, will be hereafter noticed as a patron of the Troubadours, and in conuection with Salamanca.

Superior in talent both to the royal poet and his learned cousin was Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana. This most brilliant ornament of the court of Juan II. was descended from a family distinguished both in the military and poetical annals of Spain. According to the chronicler Perez de Guzman, they traced their ancestry to the national hero, Don Rodrigo the Cid. The grandfather of Iñigo was the subject of a spirited ballad, which records the gallant devotion of a subject in sacrificing his own life to save that of his sovereign, in the battle of Aljubarrota. The following is the translation of this poem as found in "Lockhart's Spanish Ballads."

"Your horse is faint, my king, my lord! your gallant horse is sick,—  
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;  
Mount, mount on mine, oh! mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!  
Or in my arms I'll lift your grace,—their trampling hoofs are nigh!

"My king, my king! you're wounded sore,—the blood runs from  
your feet;  
But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat:  
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! I hear their coming cry!  
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy—I'll save you, though I die!

"Stand, noble steed! this hour of need—be gentle as a lamb:  
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth—thy master dear I am!  
Mount, Juan, mount! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,  
And plunge the rowels in his side!—My horse shall save my king!

“ ‘Nay, never speak; my sires, lord king, received their land from yours,  
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures :  
If I should fly, and thou, my king, be found among the dead,  
How could I stand ‘mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head ?

“ ‘ Castile’s proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,  
And say, there’s *one* that ran away when our good lords were slain !  
I leave Diego in your care,—you’ll fill his father’s place :  
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare : God’s blessing on your  
grace !’

“ So spake the brave Montarez, Butrago’s lord was he,  
And turned him to the coming host, in steadfastness and glee ;  
He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill ;  
He died, God wot ! but not before his sword had drunk its fill !”

Íñigo Lopez de Mendoza was born in 1398. His father, Diego, the Grand Admiral of Castile, was one of the wealthiest noblemen of his time, but, dying whilst Íñigo was yet a child, his large possessions fell a prey to the lawless rapacity of the nobles, and when the orphan attained to years of action, which in his case was at the early age of sixteen, his first efforts were directed to the recovery of his paternal estates. Íñigo’s success in those violent times against enemies both numerous and powerful marked him as a brave and manly spirit; and subsequently we find Mendoza raised to the dignity of First Marquis of Santillana, and taking an important part in the affairs of the kingdom.

The weak monarch Juan II. was during the greater part of his reign under the control of a haughty favorite, the celebrated Constable Alvaro de Luna. In fact, the history of this period is little else than the recital of the intrigues of the enemies of the arrogant minister, until at length the king’s affections changed towards him, and, after a few years of treacherous dealing, the once powerful courtier was seized, and he—

“Spain’s haughty constable,—the true  
And gallant Master,—whom we knew  
Most loved of all,—  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,—  
Ignoble fall!”

The conduct of the constable in despoiling and imprisoning many of the relatives and friends of Mendoza drew upon him the ill will of that nobleman, who, however, seems to have taken no part in the treacherous measures which led to the downfall of the favorite. The king survived the constable’s death only about a year. When his successor Henry IV. ascended the throne, the Marquis of Santillana rejected the honors which the new sovereign would have bestowed, and, in a retirement rendered in some degree melancholy by the death of his wife, the soldier, who deemed that “knowledge neither blunts the point of a lance, nor weakens the arm that wields a knightly sword,” gave himself up almost exclusively to the pursuits of literature.

One of his contemporaries has left the following agreeable picture of the learned courtier. “He had great store of books, and gave himself to study, especially the study of moral philosophy and of things foreign and old. And he had always in his house doctors and masters, with whom he discoursed concerning the knowledge and the books he studied. Likewise he himself made other books in verse and in prose, profitable to provoke to virtue and to restrain from vice. And in such wise did he pass the greater part of his leisure. Much fame and renown also he had in many kingdoms out of Spain; but he thought it a greater matter to have esteem among the wise than name and fame with the many.”

The most popular among the works of the Marquis of Santillana is his collection of proverbs, made at the request

of the king. Proverbs, which have been called "the unwritten wisdom of the common people," and which Cervantes has happily termed "short sentences drawn from long experience," have always been regarded with favor in Spain. They are found scattered among the writings of the earliest authors in the Castilian tongue; and a well-known one, "Laws go where kings please they should," is said to have arisen from the following incident, which occurred in the reign of Alfonso VI., towards the close of the eleventh century.

A contest had arisen in the Church of Spain regarding the use of the Roman and Gothic liturgies. The monarch inclined to the adoption of the Latin ritual, but agreed that a copy of each liturgy should be thrown into holy fire, and the supremacy accorded to the one which should be taken out unconsumed. The Gothic prayer-book sustained the ordeal; but, such a result being displeasing to the king, he threw back the obnoxious ritual into the flames, thus suggesting the proverb, "Laws go where kings would have them."

Many other familiar sayings which occur frequently in *Don Quixote*, and in other Spanish works, are very old. Among these are, "He went for wool and came back shorn;" "Help yourself, and God will help you;" "He that sows on the sea-beach reaps little for himself;" "By the street of 'By-and-by' one arrives at the house of 'Never;'" "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain;" "The king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would;" "La verdad es hija de Dios," "Truth is the daughter of God."

To the Marquis of Santillana belongs the distinction of having made the first collection of these homely sayings, which, replete with wit and wisdom, had hitherto been found scattered promiscuously in books, or only repeated, as Mendoza expresses it, "by the old women in their

chimney-corners." His collection appeared in the form of rhymed sentences, one hundred in number, prepared for the instruction of the young Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry IV. The example of Santillana found many imitators among a people so devoted to this species of didactic wisdom as the Spaniards, and throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries numerous and large collections of Spanish proverbs appeared. In 1549 a Greek scholar of Salamanca beguiled the weariness of old age by preparing a series of these popular sayings, arranged under various heads, which amounted to six thousand in number. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century a collection was made of no less than twenty-four thousand, and these gathered principally from the population of Madrid, among which popular adages are less frequent than with the people of the provinces and rural districts.

The Marquis of Santillana's poetical compositions give evidence of his extensive acquaintance with the various modes of writing practised in different parts of Spain. His longest poems, such as "The Complaint of Love," "Bias and Fortune," and one on the fall of the Great Constable, are written in Castilian. The first-named, however, contains lines in the Galician dialect, proving the author's acquaintance with the old language in which Alfonso X. occasionally wrote, and in which are found the earliest specimens of Spanish literature. His sonnets are written, as he avows, "in the Italian fashion," the author priding himself in his close imitation of Dante and Petrarch. One of the best-known and most admired of his poems is in the Provençal manner, although the language is the purest Castilian. This little gem is called "Una Serranilla," or "A Little Mountain Song," and was suggested by the sight of a village maiden tending her father's flocks upon the hills. The following is an English translation of this song:—

“ I ne’er on the border  
 Saw girl fair as Rosa,  
 The charming milk-maiden  
 Of sweet Finojosa.

“ Once, making a journey  
 To Santa Maria  
 Of Calataveño,  
 From weary desire  
 Of sleep, down a valley  
 I strayed, where young Rosa  
 I saw, the milk-maiden  
 Of lone Finojosa.

“ In a pleasant green meadow,  
 Midst roses and grasses,  
 The herd she was tending,  
 With other fair lasses;  
 So lovely her aspect,  
 I could not suppose her  
 A simple milk-maiden  
 Of rude Finojosa.

“ I think not primroses  
 Have half her smile’s sweetness  
 Or mild, modest beauty:—  
 I speak with discreetness.  
 Oh, had I beforehand  
 But known of this Rosa,  
 The handsome milk-maiden  
 Of far Finojosa,—

“ Her very great beauty  
 Had not so subdued,  
 Because it had left me  
 To do as I would!  
 I have said more, O fair one,  
 By learning ‘twas Rosa,  
 The charming milk-maiden  
 Of sweet Finojosa.”

The Marquis of Santillana was highly regarded in the age in which he lived. His contemporary, Juan de Mena,

records that foreigners came into Spain on purpose to visit him. A prince of Portugal requesting a copy of his poems gave occasion to one of the most interesting of this author's productions,—viz. a letter on the "Art of Poetry," containing the most valuable sketch of the early literature of Spain which has come down to us.

Among the contemporaries of the Marquis of Santillana, and of those whose accomplishments added to the lustre of the court, we have the name of the somewhat apocryphal Gomez de Cibdareal, claiming to be the monarch's physician and confidential friend. As no mention of such a personage is made by the chroniclers of the times, the amusing letters, one hundred and five in number, which bear his name, are with reason supposed to be the literary forgery of a later age. For a long time their authenticity remained unquestioned, and the name of the good-natured, simple-minded royal physician has, in consequence, so associated itself with the court of Juan II. that it is difficult to transfer his letters to a later and perhaps a truer period of authorship. According to the letters of Cibdareal, he was born in 1386, and, though of humble parentage, claimed as his god-father the great chancellor Lopez de Ayala.

When young, he entered the service of Juan II., who was then a mere child, and for more than forty years remained faithfully attached to his royal master through all the intrigues and commotions of that monarch's turbulent reign. His relations to his sovereign were of the most intimate character: he describes himself in his letters as sleeping at the royal feet and eating from the royal table. The last of the letters of the court physician gives a sorrowful account of the king's death, after which event we hear no more of the writer. The letters of Cibdareal were addressed to some of the most distinguished men of his time, and especially to the poet Juan de Mena, who, according to the physician, was held in high esteem by the

court. The style in which they are written is good Castilian, and the matter always interesting, from the particular description they afford of the most important events of the stirring times in which the author claims to have lived.

The next writer who may be mentioned as one of the ornaments of the court of Juan II., and one whose existence remains unquestioned, is Fernan Perez de Guzman, the principal chronicler of this reign. His labors in this respect may be said to form the connecting link between the old romantic chronicles of the age of the Alonzos and the more sober history of the reigns of the Catholic sovereigns. The chronicle, however, contains spirited descriptions of joust and tourney and festival, which sufficiently mark the period as that of a monarch who delighted in such things. Fernan Perez, who was born about the year 1400, was connected with two of the greatest families of the kingdom,—the Mendozas and the Ayalas. He was a soldier and a courtier, as well as a cultivator of letters, and thus well fitted for the authorship of the valuable "Genealogies and Portraits," in which he has given to the world graphic sketches of thirty-four of the most distinguished personages of his times.

The family of Guzman were opponents of the Great Constable; and Fernan Perez even suffered imprisonment during the troubles arising from the supremacy of this factious favorite. Yet is his sketch of Alvaro de Luna marked by a spirit of justice and magnanimity which does great credit to the character of the author in those days of bitterness and violence. In fact, many things, and especially his defence of the persecuted Jews, exhibit a spirit of enlightened tolerance far in advance of the age in which he lived. Though writing at court, he was bold in rebuking the faults of the great, as may be seen from the following passage, taken from the sketch of one of the Guzmans:—

"And no doubt it is a noble thing, and worthy of praise, to preserve the memory of noble families, and of the services they have rendered to their kings and to the commonwealth; but here in Castile, this is now held of small account. And, to say truth, it is really little necessary; for now-a-days he is noblest who is richest. Why, then, should we look into books to learn what relates to families, since we can find their nobility in their possessions? Nor is it needful to keep a record of the services they render; for kings now give rewards, not to him who serves them most faithfully, nor to him who strives for what is most worthy, but to him who most follows their will, and pleases them most."

Fernan Perez wrote poetry which was admired in his age, and much of which is preserved in the "Cancioneros;" but it is little valued now. He passed the closing years of his life in retirement, and died in the year 1470.

The most remarkable poet of this age, whose youth was passed at the court of Juan II., is Don Jorge Manrique. He belonged to an illustrious race, a race that traced its ancestry to those great heroes of Spanish ballad and romance, the Counts of Lara. As men of arts and arms, poets, statesmen, and soldiers, they well sustained from age to age the glories of their line. Pedro, the grandfather, who flourished at the court of Juan II., was one of the chief opponents of the haughty Constable; and when the ascendancy of the obnoxious favorite procured the imprisonment of Manrique, the deed of wrong and tyranny convulsed the kingdom. On his death, which took place soon after, the court wore mourning for him, and the king was forced to yield to the popular demand for justice and restore to the children of Don Pedro their father's honors and estates. One of the sons distinguished himself in the wars against the Moors, as also in those carried on between the Christian kingdoms in the north of Spain. His war-like career, however, did not create a distaste for the arts of peace, and Rodrigo Count of Paredes, as well as his

brother Gomez Manrique, were noted among the poets of their age.

A younger member of this family, Jorge, the son of Rodrigo, was destined to shed the greatest lustre of poetic genius around the name of Manrique. His youth was passed in the court of Juan II., the gayeties of which are picturesquely set forth in his verse:—

“Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high emprise  
In battle done?

“Tourney and jonst, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,—  
What were they but a pageant scene?  
What, but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb?

“Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet?  
Where are the gentle knights that came  
To kneel and breathe love's ardent flame  
Low at their feet?

“Where is the song of Troubadour?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,—  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore?”

The youthful poet lived to see all these pageantries swept away, and, in the death of his father, which he so touchingly mourns in this beautiful elegy, to find the charm of existence vanished. He survived the parent to whom he was thus tenderly attached only three years, perishing himself in a skirmish which occurred during an insurrection against the royal authority in 1479. The following

lines of the poem were found upon the author's person after death:—

“O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when, at last,  
The soul is freed.

“Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

“Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who liugers longest here  
Knows most of care.

“Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.”

The “Coplas de Manrique”—“coplas” being a word signifying couplets or stanzas—is the unpretending title of this beautiful elegiac poem, which the translation of Professor Longfellow puts within the power of every English reader to enjoy.

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Among the most beautiful remains of art in Valladolid will be found the works of Berruguete, Juan de Juni, and Hernandez. These three men of genius were at once architects, sculptors, and painters. Berruguete, who was born

near Valladolid in the year 1480, began his career as an attorney-at-law in the chancelleria of that town. He subsequently went to Italy, and entered the studio of Michael Angelo at Florence. On his return to Spain, Berruguete was employed by Charles V. in the designs of his new palace in the Alhambra, and was afterwards, says Ford, "employed all over the Peninsula, which he adorned with magnificent works." Nowhere are they to be seen in greater variety than at Valladolid.

Juan de Juni, a foreigner by birth,—some say a Fleming, others an Italian,—came to Spain in the suite of the Bishop of Oporto. His style possessed more of boldness and daring than had yet been seen in the Peninsula, and found admirers; though the prohibitions and rules of the Inquisition respecting art checked any imitation of it in Spain. Juni settled at Valladolid, and built a house there in 1545. At his death, this dwelling was purchased of his daughter and heiress by Gregorio Hernandez, who was Juni's successor in the practice of the fine arts at Valladolid.

The style of Hernandez was in marked contrast to that of his predecessor. Ford calls him "the Murillo of Castilian sculpture," and describes him as governed by a true and elevated sentiment in the prosecution of his art. Regarding his work as an act of religion wrought for the instruction and spiritual benefit of the ignorant, he is said to have prepared himself for it somewhat after the manner enjoined by the English Archbishop Arundel in the following quaint directions:—"Whan that an ymage maker shall kerfe, caste in moulde, or peynte ony images, he shall go to a prieste and shryve him as clene as if he sholde than dye, and take penaunce, and make some certeyn vow of fastyng, or of praiyng, or of pilgrimage-doinge, praiyng the prieste specially to praye for hym, that he may have grace to make a faire and devoute ymage."

"Truly devout," says the author of the Hand-Book,

"his works of relaxation were those of charity: he attended the sick, and buried the friendless dead."

Berruguete, Juni, and Hernandez have each left some of the finest remains of their art as painters and sculptors, in the *retablos*, or high-altar screens, found in the cathedrals of Spain. These *retablos* rise to a great height, and are surmounted by a carved representation of the Saviour on the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John standing near. By niches or intercolumniation they are divided into compartments, which are filled with exquisitely beautiful specimens of painted carvings or sculptures.

Valladolid, the home of Berruguete, who founded the style known among us as the "Cinque-Cento" (fifteenth century) but in Spain called "El gusto plateresco," was famous for its gold- and silver-smiths. The family who carried this art to its highest perfection was that of Arphe, or D'Arfe, which came into Spain from Germany towards the close of the fifteenth century.

Juan d'Arphe, the most distinguished of his race, settled at Valladolid, and there wrought those magnificent specimens of gold and silver plate which have been the wonder and admiration of all succeeding generations. Many of the most valuable of these treasures have been carried away or melted down during the times of revolution and violence which have proved so fatal to the remains of art in the Peninsula. Some, however, are still to be seen at Toledo, Salamanca, Granada, and other large towns; and perhaps no more admirable work remains than that masterpiece of Juan d'Arphe, the custodia in the cathedral at Valladolid.

The custodias were depositaries in which the host, or consecrated wafer, was kept upon great religious festivals. They were elaborately wrought of the precious metals, and present the most beautiful specimens of the Cinque-Cento style of art. The one at Valladolid is six feet in height,

having for its subject the happy estate of our first parents in the garden of Eden.

Juan d'Arphe was appointed by Philip II. Master of the Mint, established at Segovia. Besides the many practical illustrations of his exquisite art which he bequeathed to posterity in the shape of custodias, chalices, and every species of church plate, he has left a valuable treatise on the subject, enriched by designs and models which the ecclesiologists of modern times have never been able to surpass. In this department they are still indebted to the "Cinque-Cento" models of Juan d'Arphe of Valladolid.



## SALAMANCA.

Architecture—University—Colleges—Schools—Students—Juan de la Enzina—Luis Ponce de Leon—Modern School—Valdés—Jovellanos—Art—Fernando Gallegos.



HIS time-honored Spanish city, renowned for its ancient university, is built on three horseshoe-shaped hills which rise abruptly from the banks of the turbid Tormes. The great number of magnificent buildings in which this stately city abounds has given it the name of "Rome the Lesser." It may truly be called a university of architecture for the study of every style, from the early and simple Gothic down to the corrupt character of art which prevailed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Josef Churriguera—"the heresiarch of bad taste," as Ford calls him—was a native of Salamanca. His name has given an epithet, *Churrigueresque*, to all architecture of a tawdry character, destitute of simplicity or overloaded with ornament. The façade of the Library is among the most beautiful remains of art to be seen at the present day in Salamanca. "It is," says the author of the Hand-Book, "the triumph of the decorative and heraldic style; here the creamy stone has been as wax in the hands of the artist, and no Moor ever embroidered lace-work, Cachemire lienzo, more delicately." This beautiful building is of the age of Ferdinand and Isabella; and the arms of these sovereigns, with the

Greek inscription, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," appear frequently. Many of the finest edifices of this ancient town were destroyed during the invasion of the French, and the many revolutions by which this unhappy land has been convulsed. The same remark is true as regards both painting and architecture throughout the Peninsula.

The University of Salamanca was founded by Alonzo IX. in the twelfth century; but its great patron was the grandson of this monarch, Afonso the Wise, who about the middle of the thirteenth century endowed professorships and constructed here his famous astronomical tables. The colleges were divided into the greater and lesser: there were, besides, three classes of schools, named in accordance with the character of the studies pursued in them. The *mayores* taught the higher branches of a university course; the *menores* were confined to grammar and music; whilst the *minimos*, or least, instructed in the accidente, reading and writing. Of the colegios mayores, or great colleges, there were but six throughout Spain; and of these four—St. Bartholomew, Cuenca, Archbishop's, and King's—belonged to Salamanca. These colleges were, as may be supposed, foundations of the most exclusive and aristocratic character, and the young nobility of Spain left them to enter the highest offices of church or state.

The College of St. Bartholomew is the oldest of the great colleges. It was founded in 1410, by an archbishop of Seville. Erected on his return from that Council of Constance which had condemned John Huss and Jerome of Prague to the stake for heresy, this institution was designed by its founder to be a bulwark and defence of the faith, and as such became so thronged by students that "All the world has gone to St. Bartholomew" passed into a national proverb. Here was invented that fatal distinction between old and new Christians which rendered the

unfortunate converts from the Jewish or Mohammedan religion as much objects of suspicion, and oftentimes of persecution, as though they had not renounced their faith. It added, too, a darker shade to the bigotry of the Spanish character, and put further off than ever the hope of Spain's becoming a united nation. That this feeling has been transmitted in some degree even down to the present day, may be inferred from Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," where he relates that his ragged attendant Mattéo constantly prides himself on being "Cristiano viejo," without any taint of Moor or Jew.

The lesser colleges of the university were twenty-one in number, and in the fourteenth century Salamanca could boast of fourteen thousand students. Among the distinguished scholars whose names are recorded in her annals are Enzina, Juan de Mena, Las Casas, Mendoza, Luis de Leon, and Gongora.

The students of the various sciences and arts were distinguished by the color of the tufts worn in their caps. White denoted divinity; green, common law; crimson, civil law; blue, arts and philosophy; yellow, medicine. The "Poor Student of Salamanca" figures in almost all the picaresque novels of the sixteenth century; and his tattered cloak, his cocked oil-skin hat, ornamented with a wooden spoon, and his general character for lawlessness and impudence, are well known to the readers of this class of literature. In Longfellow's beautiful little drama of "The Spanish Student" the English reader will find a sketch of this favorite character of Spanish plays and romances.

Salamanca during the Middle Ages was renowned for its cultivation of the Aristotelian philosophy and the science derived from Arabian scholars; but it was much infected by the bigotry and ignorance of the age, and little practical in its teachings. The works of the Marquis of

Villena were here condemned as magical, and burnt by command of the king's confessor, who was a Dominican, a member of that order which in a later age established the Inquisition in Spain. There were those, however, beyond the University of Salamanca, who even in that day and in Spain denounced in no measured language the ignorance and bigotry which consigned these works of philosophy and science to the flames. Cibdareal, in an epistle to the poet Juan de Mena, says, "Two cart-loads of these books were carried to the king, and because it was said they related to magic and unlawful arts, the king sent them to Friar Lope de Barrientos; and Friar Lope, who cares more to be about the Prince than to examine matters of necromancy, burnt above an hundred volumes, of which he saw no more than the King of Morocco did, and knew no more than the Dean of Ciudad Rodrigo; for many men now-a-days make themselves the name of learned by calling others ignorant; but it is worse yet when men make themselves holy by calling others necromancers."

The name of Juan de la Enzina, the writer of the first secular play acted in Spain, belongs to Salamanca. He was born in a neighboring village in the year 1469, and educated at the university, which was then at the height of its fame. He was patronized by the court, whither he repaired after finishing his collegiate course. Enzina subsequently visited Rome, and was made the leader of the music in the Pontifical chapel,—the highest honor to which musical genius could aspire in that age. It was the age of Leo X. In 1519 he visited Jerusalem, and returned to spend yet a few more years in Rome, which seems to have been his favorite residence. The close of his life was passed in his native province of Leon, where he assumed the vows of an ecclesiastic and became the prior of a convent. He died at Salamanca in 1534, and was buried in the cathedral.

Before the time of Enzina, only a few rudely constructed religious plays had been acted as a part of the celebrations of the more sacred festivals of the Church. A few dramatized eclogues and romances of a secular character had been written, but no play of that kind had ever actually been represented upon the stage until those of Enzina attained that distinction. "In 1492," says the historian of the Spanish theatre, "companies began to represent publicly in Castile plays by Juan de la Enzina." Of his eleven dramas which have come down to us, six are religious and five are secular plays. Of these last, the best is perhaps the one entitled "The Shepherds that turn Courtiers." A coquettish shepherdess has prevailed upon an esquire, for love of her, to become a shepherd. In this play he is represented as tired of his pastoral life, and endeavoring to prevail upon his companions to renounce it with him and all together to become courtiers. In the end he succeeds, and the pastoral group, changing the shepherd's garb, sets forth on its way to court, singing gayly in honor of love, which can work such wondrous transformations,—turning courtiers to shepherds and shepherds to courtiers. The following picture, drawn by one of the swains who is disinclined to renounce the pure pleasures of a rural life, is replete with natural sentiment and grace of expression:—

"But look ye, Gil, at morning dawn,  
How fresh and fragrant are the fields!  
And then what savory coolness yields  
The cabin's shade upon the lawn!

"And he that knows what 'tis to rest  
Amidst his flocks the live-long night,  
Sure he can never find delight  
In courts, by courtly ways oppressed.  
Oh, what a pleasure 'tis to hear  
The cricket's cheerful, piercing cry!  
And who can tell the melody  
His pipe affords the shepherd's ear?

"Thou know'st what luxury 'tis to drink,  
As shepherds do, when worn with heat,  
From the still fount, its waters sweet,  
With lips that gently touch their brink;  
Or else, where, hurrying on, they rush  
And frolic down their pebbly bed,  
Oh, what delight to stoop the head  
And drink from out their merry gush!"

During Enzina's residence in Rome, Bartolomé de Torres Naharro visited that city: he was the next Spaniard of note who, after Enzina, wrote secular plays. But the dramas, if indeed such they can be called, of both these authors, were rudely constructed, and their representations limited to small and select audiences gathered in the palace of some Spanish Viceroy in Italy, or the mansion of a Castilian noble. It was not until the age of Lope de Rueda, about the middle of the sixteenth century, that the foundation of a popular national drama was laid in Spain.

One of the purest ornaments of the Spanish Church, as well as of the University of Salamanca, is Luis Ponce de Leon, born in 1528, of noble and illustrious parentage, as his name indicates. At an early age he was sent to Salamanca, to be educated for the Church. Here, at sixteen, he voluntarily became a monk of the order of Saint Augustin. Throughout his life he manifested entire devotion both to the brotherhood and the university with which he had become thus early connected. At the age of thirty-four he attained the professorship of St. Thomas Aquinas, and subsequently was raised to the chair of Sacred Literature. The Augustinians were devoted to the person and interests of the member who shed such lustre upon their order. In every measure they sought his aid or counsel, and were controlled by his advice. At the time of his death he had just been elected the head of their monastic body in Spain.

Notwithstanding his devotion to the faith and Church of Rome, those envious of his influence and success, especially his enemies of the rival order of Dominicans, found means to denounce him to the Inquisition. At the request of a friend, a nun, Luis de Leon had translated "The Song of Solomon," giving it the form of a pastoral poem or eclogue. By the treachery of a friar who had charge of his cell, this manuscript was copied, and to a limited extent circulated. By these means it had fallen into the hands of an enemy, and Luis de Leon was denounced to the Inquisition. He appeared before their tribunal, first at Salamanca and subsequently at Valladolid, charged with Lutheranism, and with having made a vernacular translation of the Bible,—a thing forbidden by the decree of the Council of Trent.

For five years, during a most unjust and protracted trial, this good monk was imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and, although he escaped with life, the rigors of a long confinement seriously impaired his health and depressed his spirits. Salamanca, true to her illustrious scholar, upon his release restored him to all his honors; and, says Professor Ticknor, "it is a beautiful circumstance attending his restoration, that when, on the 30th of December, 1576, he rose for the first time in his accustomed place before a crowded audience, eager to hear what allusion he would make to his persecutions, he began by simply saying, 'As we remarked when we last met,' and then went on as if the five bitter years of his imprisonment had been a blank in his memory, bearing no record of the cruel treatment he had suffered."

More than two hundred years passed away before the translations of the word of God, made by this devout Biblical scholar, could be printed in Spain. In 1798 a version of the Canticles in prose, and in 1806 a beautiful translation of the same in Spanish octaves, were given to the world. The prose works of Luis de Leon, which were

nearly all composed in prison, are rich in imagery, eloquent in style, and marked by a spirit of earnest and devout enthusiasm.

“The Names of Christ,” an illustration of our Lord’s character as manifested under his various titles of King, Shepherd, Priest, Prince of Peace, &c., “The Perfect Wife,” a commentary on portions of the Book of Proverbs, prepared at the request of a bride, and his Exposition of Job, are among the most celebrated of these productions.

His poems, which are chiefly of a religious character, entitle him to a high rank among Spanish lyrists. A part of the preface to his Sacred Odes well illustrates the simple and devout piety of the writer. “Would to God,” he exclaims, “that no other poetry were ever sounded in our ears; that only these sacred tones were sweet to us; that none else were heard at night in the streets and public squares; that the child might still lisp it, the retired damsel find it her best solace, and the industrious tradesman make it the relief of his toil! But the Christian name is now sunk to such immodest and reckless degradation, that we set our sins to music, and, not content with indulging them in secret, shout them joyfully forth to all who will listen.”

The following beautiful poem on the “Starry Heavens” is a translation by Bowring from the Spanish of Fray Luis de Leon. It is entitled

#### NOCHE SERENA.

“ When yonder glorious sky,  
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate:  
    And turn my dazzled eye  
    To this vain mortal state,  
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate:

“ A mingled joy and grief  
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;—  
    I find a short relief

In tears, whose torrents rude  
Roll down my cheeks; or thoughts which thus intrude:—

“Thou so sublime abode!  
Temple of light, and beauty’s fairest shrine!  
My soul, a spark of God,  
Aspiring to thy seats divine,—  
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

“Why should I ask in vain  
For truth’s pure lamp, and wander here alone,  
Seeking through toil and pain,  
Light from the Eternal One,—  
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

“Dreams and delusions play  
With man,—he thinks not of his mortal fate:  
Death treads his silent way;  
The earth turns round; and then, too late,  
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

“Rise from your sleep, vain men!  
Look round,—and ask if spirits born of heaven,  
And bound to heaven again,  
Were only lent or given  
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

“Turn your unclouded eye  
Up to yon bright, to you eternal spheres;  
And spurn the vanity  
Of time’s delusive years,  
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

“What is the ground ye tread,  
But a mere point, compared with that vast space,  
Around, above you spread,—  
When in the Almighty’s face  
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

“List to the concert pure  
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light!  
See, in his orbit sure,  
Each takes his journey bright,  
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night!

“ See how the pale Moon rolls  
 Her silver wheel; and, scattering beams afar  
     On earth’s benighted souls,  
     See Wisdom’s holy star;  
 Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War;

“ Or that benignant ray  
 Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair;  
     Or that serene display  
     Of power supernal there,  
 Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air!

“ And, circling all the rest,  
 See Saturn, father of the golden hours:  
     While round him, bright and blest,  
     The whole empyrean showers  
 Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours!

“ But who to these can turn,  
 And weigh them ‘gainst a weeping world like this,—  
     Nor feel his spirit burn  
     To grasp so sweet a bliss,  
 And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

“ For there, and there alone,  
 Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love,—  
     There, on a splendid throne,  
     Midst all those fires above,  
 In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

“ Oh, wondrous blessedness,  
 Whose shadowy effluence hope o’er time can fling!  
     Day that shall never cease,—  
     No night there threatening,—  
 No winter there to chill joy’s ever-during spring.

“ Ye fields of changeless green,  
 Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers!  
     Thou paradise serene!  
     Eternal, joyful hours  
 My disembodyed soul shall welcome in thy bowers!”

Between the days of Salamanca’s ancient glory and those  
 which witnessed a revival of her literary fame, many cen-

turies elapsed. The names of her men of genius who have lived in our own age are, however, too meritorious to be disregarded; and therefore, though conscious of a hiatus of some hundreds of years in passing from Luis de Leon to Valdés and Jovellanos, we cannot forbear in our associations with Salamanca to give a slight sketch of her distinguished literati of modern times.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, amid the political convulsions which marked that period in Spain, was founded here a school for the revival of a purer taste in literature. The originator of this school was Melendez Valdés, a native of the Asturias, who became at the age of eighteen a student of the university. Cadahalso, a colonel in the Spanish army, whose mind had been enlarged by travel and an acquaintance with the literature of foreign countries, visited Salamanca, and, struck by the talent of Valdés, took pains to point out to him the beauties to be found in the older writers of his own country, as also in those of France, Germany, and England. So effective was this influence in moulding the taste of his pupil, that it has been said, "among all the works of Cadahalso the best was Melendez." A prize poem by Valdés, on the pleasures of a country life, was published in 1780, and secured for him at once the favor of the court and city of Madrid. "It was indeed," says Ticknor, "in sweetness and gentleness, if not in originality and strength, such a return to the tones of Garcilasso as had not been heard in Spain for above a century."

Valdés for a few happy years kept aloof from the perilous honors of political life, and, as professor in his beloved university, pursued successfully the paths of literature. Unfortunately, the desire for office, that weakness of the Castilian mind, at length took possession of him, and he sought and obtained political distinction under Don Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, as he was called, but one of the worst

ministers who ever ruled in the name of a weak and corrupt sovereign. At Madrid, Melendez continued his literary pursuits, and the collection of his works published in 1797 raised him to the height of his literary fame. Jovellanos, the distinguished scholar, and a noble patron of letters, was then Minister of State, and Valdés received through him an important official position. This condition of prosperity did not last long. The virtuous Jovellanos could not retain office amid corruption and intrigue. He fell, and his friends and dependants were involved in his ruin. From this time persecution and exile were the lot of Melendez. On one occasion he was actually threatened with death by the mob at Oviedo; on another, his house at Salamanca was sacked, and his valuable library destroyed. At length, with a spirit broken by misfortune, Valdés took a sorrowful leave of the country which he loved, and fled, an exile, to Montpellier, in the south of France. Here, at the end of four unhappy years, he died of disease said to have been contracted by the wretched vegetable diet to which poverty had reduced him. He was buried in an obscure spot, and his remains discovered with difficulty, some ten years later, by the Duke of Frias, who caused them to be interred in a cemetery of the town, and himself erected a suitable monument to the poet's memory.

Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, the great instigator and patron of the school of Salamanca, of which Valdés was the founder, is one of the noblest and purest characters, as well as one of the ablest minds, which modern Spain, or perhaps Spain in any age, has produced. Whether regarded as a scholar, a patriot, a statesman, or a philanthropist, he shines in each character pre-eminently great.

After studying canon and civil law at various schools and universities, he was about to assume the vows of an ecclesiastic, when the interposition and entreaties of friends changed his destination, and he was sent in a judicial ca-

pacity to Seville. Here his humanity in the exercise of difficult duties endeared him to the people, and the happiest and most peaceful days of his life were passed in this beautiful capital of Southern Spain, amid the pursuits of literature and in the encouragement of those who would devote themselves to its cause. Here he wrote his play of "The Honored Culprit," by far the most successful production, either at home or abroad, of the modern Spanish drama.

In 1778, Jovellanos was called to Madrid, and there, for a time, enjoyed high political distinction and honors. He subsequently experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune which in that turbulent period of Spanish history befell men holding office under government. For eight years he was an exile among his native mountains in the Asturias. He there devoted himself to the interests of the people,—instructed them in the working of the mines, urged plans of public improvement, promoted agriculture and the building of roads, and especially interested himself in plans for popular education. His pen was not idle; and its productions, particularly the treatise on "Legislation in Relation to Agriculture," were of the most valuable character in promoting the moral and material welfare of his native province.

For the short period of a year, in 1797, Jovellanos was restored to court; but the upright counsellor was a living rebuke to the vicious Godoy, and was in the following year again exiled to the Asturias. A few years later, political jealousy decreed a still harsher doom. The fallen minister was seized, and torn from his home to be transported like a felon to the island of Majorca. Here he suffered seven long years of weary and oppressive captivity, confined at first in a convent and subsequently in a fortress of the island, and cut off from all intercourse with friends, whilst subjected to privations which undermined his health. On the fall of the weak king, Charles IV., Jovellanos was at

once brought back to Madrid, amid the warmest testimonials of affection among the people; for, says Southey, "next to the punishment of Godoy, what all men most desired was the release of Jovellanos."

This pure patriot, though broken by infirmities, continued to the last to serve the interests of his country and of humanity. In November, 1811, an incursion of the French into his native town forced Jovellanos to flee. He took refuge on a vessel in the Bay of Biscay, and for eight days was tossed upon the waters, until, exhausted by suffering, he was compelled to land in an obscure port, where at the end of forty-eight hours he died, breathing his last beneath the shelter of a miserable inn.

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The only artist of note whom Salamanca has produced is Fernando Gallegos, who was born there towards the close of the fifteenth century. His works resemble those of the early German masters, and have been not unfrequently confounded with them. The principal pictures which remain accounted among the authentic works of this artist are the altar-piece in the chapel of St. Clement at Salamanca, the Descent from the Cross in the royal chapel of Granada, and some paintings in the choir of a Dominican convent at Avila.



## CORDOVA.

Early Celebrity—Hosius—Scholars—The Moors in Spain—Caliphate of Cordova—Modern Scholars—Juan de Mena—Cespedes—Anecdote of Castillo.



N every age Cordova has given birth to great men. Seneca, the distinguished Roman philosopher, and Lucan, the equally celebrated poet, were natives of this town when it was a Roman colony; and here, too, in the fourth century of the Christian era, flourished he whom Eusebius called "the world-renowned Spaniard," Hosius, Bishop of Cordova. This prelate was, in his age, far greater in power and influence than the Bishop of Rome. When the Emperor Constantine, overwhelmed with remorse for the murder of the heirs to the imperial throne which he had commanded, was, in his despair, about to turn to the priests of the pagan religion, Hosius assured him that "there are no sins so great but that in Christianity they may find forgiveness," and pronounced upon him priestly absolution.

In the year 325, the first General Council of the Church was held at Nicea, in Bithynia, for the determining of disputed points of Christian faith. In the pictures of the Council, preserved with religious care in the monasteries of the Greek and Russian Church, "that Abrahamic old man, well called Hosius the 'Holy,' as Athanasius describes him, is seen seated in the place of honor at the left hand of the Emperor. No man in all that august assembly was more reverenced than this venerable confessor of the Latin

Church, who had suffered in the persecutions under Maximin, and now, laden with years, renowned for wisdom and learning, and enjoying the confidence of the Emperor, stood forth for the maintenance of Christian truth."

When, after long and fierce debates, the great work and monument of this Synod was completed, it was Hosius of Cordova who arose in the Hall of Conclave, on the 19th of June, 325, and announced the accomplishment of that famous formula of Christian doctrine, "The Faith or Creed of the Council of Nicea." His, too, was the first signature to these first Articles of Belief drawn up as a standard for the Church Universal.

In the glorious days of the Moorish dominion, Cordova gave birth to Avenzoar and Averroes, two of the most learned of the Arabian writers and scholars; and near this city, at Montilla, was the native village of Gonsalvo, the Great Captain, who was wont to say, "Other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in, than Cordova." Pride of birth characterizes the inhabitants of this city at the present day.

Cordova was the seat and capital of the splendid dominion founded by the Moors in Spain. By the close of the seventh century, Arabian conquest, carried on under the banners of the False Prophet, had extended itself over the whole northern coast of Africa. Early in the following age an opportunity was presented for still greater achievements.

Spanish legends state that a certain Count Julian, to revenge the wrongs which his daughter, the fair but false "La Cava," had suffered at the hands of the Gothic King Roderic, invited to the invasion of his native land Muza the Emir, governing for the Caliph in Africa. Whether or not the wrongs of this Spanish Helen, or the treachery of Count Julian, led to the fatal irruption, certain it is that in the year 711 an army of conquest was sent, under

Muza's lieutenant Tarik-ben-Zeyad, across the straits which have since borne the name of this invader.\* To insure the valor and consequent success of his troops, Tarik cut off all means of escape, by burning his boats, before advancing to the encounter with the Gothic foe. The decisive and sanguinary battle was fought at Xerez, on the banks of the Guadalete, a few miles from Cadiz. The Goths were defeated, and Roderick escaped from the disastrous field only to meet death in the swift current of the fatal river.

The stricken Goths fled, with their newly-elected king, Pelayo, to the mountain-fastnesses of the Asturias. Here the fugitive monarch held his court in St. Mary's cavern near the head-waters of the sparkling Deva.

The Moorish invaders extended their conquests; but for a period of forty years these, divided among petty sovereigns, afforded little promise of the magnificent empire which the Moors were destined to erect upon the ruins of the Gothic monarchy in Spain. The real founder of this empire was Abderahman, who in the year 755 established the Western Caliphate, of which Cordova was the capital.

Abderahman, or Abdelrrhaman, was the only representative of the royal line of the Ommiades,—the immediate successors of Mohammed. Escaping the slaughter of his race, he fled from the power and jealousy of the rival house of Abbas, which had usurped the Caliphate of Bagdad. From Tahart, his place of refuge and exile, amid the wilds of Mauritania, he was summoned by a few powerful Moors of Cordova, to establish in Spain a dominion which should surpass in power and splendor the Eastern Caliphate.

The princely exile had been moulded to his destiny by experience gained in the school of adversity. "His highest praise," says an historian, "is to be found in the

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\* Gibraltar is a corruption of Gibal-Tarik,—mountain of Tarik.

fact that Mohammedan Spain wanted a hero and a legislator to lay the first stone of her prosperity, and that she received both in him."

He belonged to a dynasty of which it has been justly said, "In the prosperous age of their empire, they never effected a new conquest without laying at the same time the foundations of a city, and never erected a mosque without adding to it a public school." Cordova under Abderahman contained two hundred thousand houses, six hundred mosques, nine hundred public baths, fifty hospitals, and eighty public schools.

From the universities of Mohammedan Spain, to which the Christian youth of various countries resorted, Europe gained very valuable acquisitions in every department of science, literature, and art. The Frenchman Gerbert, afterwards celebrated as Pope Sylvester II., studied in the tenth century both at Cordova and Seville: he introduced into Europe the Arabic numerals, which, taking the place of the clumsy Roman letters, have advanced so immeasurably the progress of arithmetical calculation.

The Saracen schools, flourishing in the eighth and ninth centuries, served as models to those founded during the twelfth and thirteenth in Italy and France. The Moslem origin of the universities of Bologna, Padua, and Paris, the earliest of Europe, can be traced distinctly in their course of studies as well as in their entire educational plan and arrangements.

Under Abderahman and his successors, seventy public libraries existed in the cities of Andalusia, wherein were collected copies of the most curious and valuable works which the zeal and munificence of a long line of intelligent caliphs could secure. Alas that "the genius of Romish intolerance, in the person of the illustrious Ximenes, should have impelled the loftiest spirit of his age to consign ruthlessly to the flames the labors of the philosophers, mathe-

micians, and poets of Cordova, the literature of a splendid dynasty of seven hundred years!"

It was during the prosperous days of the Caliphate that the genius of the Moor shone resplendent in works of architecture. The Mosque or Zeca of Cordova, second only to that of Mecca in sanctity, equalled in magnificence, whilst it exceeded in spaciousness, the famous Alaksa at Jerusalem.

Abderahman's beautiful palace of Azarah on the banks of the Guadalquivir, with its extensive gardens, rich in the productions of every clime, ranked as one of the wonders of the age. It was this caliph who first introduced into Spain the graceful palm. The groups of these trees which to the present day are the pride of Cordova owe their origin to his planting, and constitute his most enduring monument. The following lines ascribed to the royal poet are said to have been inspired by the emotions awakened in his heart as he gazed upon the tree of the Orient growing upon the banks of the Spanish river:—

" Thou, also, fair and graceful palm-tree, thou  
 Art here a stranger. Western breezes wave  
 Softly around thee, with the breath of love  
 Caressing thy soft beauty. Rich the soil  
 Wherein thy roots are prospering; and thy head  
 Thou liftest high to heaven. Thou, fair tree,  
 Dost feel no grief for thine abandoned home.  
 To me alone that pain. To me alone  
 The tears of long regret for thy fair sisters,  
 Blooming by Forat's\* wave.

" Yet, do the river and the palms forget  
 Him, the lone monrner, who, in this strange land,  
 Still clings to their rememhrance,—my sweet home?  
 When the stern Destinies, and sterner they,  
 The sons of furious Abbas, drove me forth,  
 How wound my soul aronnd thee! and how hangs,  
 E'en now, my heart on thy beloved soil!

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\* Euphrates.

“Thou, palm, thou fair and lovely, of that home  
Dost take no thought. Ah, well is thee! but I,  
Sad mourner, cannot choose but grieve; and thus  
I weep for thee and me, O lovely palm,  
Thinking of our lost home.”

Abderahman had the good fortune to leave his throne to wise and virtuous successors, who for many years sustained the power and splendor of the Western Caliphate. The Morisco Spaniards “gave up,” says Irving, “the Moslem principle of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them as they supposed by Allah, and strove to embellish it with every thing that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and, drawing round them the graces and refinements which marked the Arabian Empire in the East, at the time of its greatest civilization, they diffused the light of Oriental knowledge through the Western regions of benighted Europe.”

Let us turn now to the people whom they had dispossessed. From the day that the heights of their mountain-refuge rang with the war-cry of “Pelayo and Victory! St. James for the Asturias!” as the Gothic refugees hurled down huge rocks upon their pursuing foe, until the day when the silver cross and royal banner of Castile were planted in triumph on the towers of the Alhambra, amid shouts of “Santiago! Santiago! Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!”—through all those seven

hundred and seventy years the struggle was kept up between Christian and Moorish chivalry for the fair land of Spain.

During the palmy days of the Caliphate of Cordova, in the reigns of her Abderahmans, Alhakems, Mohammeds, and Abdullahs, the Christians made little progress. But when the Spaniards in the mountain-kingdom of Asturias increased in strength, and especially when they came to regard each warlike enterprise against the Moor in the light of a pious crusade, they fought bravely and persistently to win back their ancient heritage. These were the centuries of knighthood and romance. Then arose the dauntless Cid, and many another hero, both Christian and Moorish, of Spanish ballad and story.

There were, it is true, especially in the earlier centuries, times of truce and amity, when Christian youth resorted to the schools of the Moor, and joust and tournament were held in which the knights of both nations contended. But the usual feature in the history of these times is warfare,—warfare against the Infidel; and it imparted a bigotry and ferocity to the national character which fitted it for the establishment in after-ages of the Inquisition and the Auto-da-fé.

“This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain,  
Heaven’s offering from the land of chivalry!”

At the close of the eleventh century, contemporary with the Norman Conquest of England, the splendor of the crescent began to pale before the advancing banners of the Christian armies. With the virtuous Hixem III., who died in the year 1031, ended the Western Caliphate of Cordova. Petty emirs or chiefs succeeded to independent but feeble sway over the conquests of Moslem Spain; and finally their kingdoms fell a prey to the Almoravides, the followers of an African prince who, invited into Spain as the ally of the Moriscoes, acted the treacherous part which an ally more powerful than the people he comes to assist is wont to do.

In the year 1094 the dynasty of the Almoravides was seated on the throne of Cordova.

Half a century later they were in their turn conquered by another African power, the Almohades, during whose dynasty occurred, in 1212, the fatal defeat of the Moslems on the plains of Tolosa, which shattered the empire to its foundations, inflicting a blow from which it never recovered. In 1236 Cordoya itself, sacred as the city of their worship, where rose their venerated and magnificent mosque, and endeared to the Moslem by every association of past glory and dominion, fell into the hands of the Christian king St. Ferdinand of Castile.

Cordova had been renowned during the days of the Roman and Moorish dominion for the great number of her poets and philosophers, her men of arts and learning. Two hundred years passed after the recovery to the Christian sway before she asserted this her ancient claim to distinction, by giving birth to Juan de Mena,—“the Morning Star,” as he has been called, of Spanish poetry.

This poet, born here in 1412, calls his birthplace, with true Cordovese pride as well as poetry of feeling, the “flower of knowledge and knighthood.” Left an orphan at an early age, Juan de Mena’s own tastes led him to the pursuits of literature. He studied at Salamanca, and subsequently travelled to Rome in order to obtain at the source of Latin scholarship those treasures with which he enriched the literature of his native country.

Returning to Cordova at the early age of twenty-three, he was invested with a share in the government of his native city. He subsequently repaired to the brilliant court of John II., at Valladolid, where he became a great favorite with the monarch, and formed a friendship with Santillana and other men of rank and learning. In accordance with a custom which had been handed down since the days of Alfonso the Wise, the events of each reign

were recorded by a royal chronicler; and the king appointed the Cordovan poet to that office.

In return, Juan de Mena, who seems to have been no little of a courtier, exalted the praises of his royal patron in chronicle and poem. There were not wanting incentives to this flattery, if we may rely upon the letters of Cibdareal, the court physician, who repeatedly writes to the historiographer that the monarch expects due laudation at his hands, and even suggesting the manner in which certain transactions may be recorded in order to give satisfaction to the royal mind.

Juan de Mena died in 1456, in consequence of injuries received in a fall from his mule. The Marquis of Santillana erected a monument to his memory, and bestowed the greater honor of an epitaph written by his own hand.

The Castilian language had made little progress since the days of Alfonso the Wise. Juan de Mena gave a new impulse to its improvement, by the introduction of many words, chiefly drawn from the Latin, into the Spanish vocabulary.

The most admired production of the courtly poet is a long poem called, perhaps from the artfulness of its construction, "The Labyrinth." In its allegorical form it resembles the "Divina Commedia" of Dante; but in poetic merit, whether of sentiment or style, it is far inferior to the work of the great Italian. Like Dante, he represents himself as lost amid the intricacies of a dangerous wood, through which he receives a guide in the person of a fair woman designated as Providence. He is led by her to a spot whence he beholds all the kingdoms and nations of the earth. The inhabitants of the world are distributed upon the three vast wheels of Destiny, which represent the Past, Present, and Future. The Present is described as in a constant motion, controlled by the influence of the planets under which men are born. A long catalogue of

mythological and historical personages are presented to view, and their characters and lives depicted somewhat after the manner, but in most instances quite without the poetic beauty, of the "Divina Commedia." The death of the Count Niebla, which is one of the best passages in the poem, may be cited as a specimen of these descriptions. The nobleman, a great naval hero in his age, perished in 1436 at Gibraltar, sacrificing his own life in a brave effort to save the lives of his followers:—

"And he who seems to sit upon that bark,  
 Invested by the cruel waves, that wait  
 And welter round him to prepare his fate,  
 His and his bold companions', in their dark  
 And watery abyss;—that stately form  
 Is Count Niebla's, he whose honored name,  
 More brave than fortunate, has given to fame  
 The very tide that drank his life-blood warm.

"And they that eagerly around him press,  
 Though men of noble mark and bold emprise,  
 Grow pale and dim as his full glories rise,  
 Showing their own peculiar honors less.  
 Thus Carrion or Arlanza, sole and free,  
 Bears, like Pisuerga, each its several name,  
 And triumphs in its undivided fame,  
 As a fair, graceful stream. But when the three

"Are joined in one, each yields its separate right,  
 And their accumulating headlong course  
 We call Duero. Thus might these enforce  
 Each his own claim to stand the noblest knight,  
 If brave Niebla came not with his blaze  
 Of glory to eclipse their humbler praise."

Juan de Mena's Labyrinth was a favorite book of the monarch. The confidential physician says, in writing to the poet concerning a certain portion of it, "I read it to his majesty, who keeps it on his table with his prayer-book and takes it up often."

Luis de Góngora, the poet who was the founder in

Spanish literature of the style called "Cultismo," was born in Cordova in 1561. His father, who was a distinguished lawyer, desired his son to embrace the same profession; and, with this destination in view, the youth was sent to Salamanca. A decided taste for literature manifested by the young poet soon led to the abandonment of law studies, and Luis de Góngora entered upon life and pursued his career solely in the vocation of a poet.

For more than forty years Góngora lived in poverty and neglect in his native city of Cordova. At the age of forty-three he became a priest, in order to insure to himself the means of a livelihood in his declining years. It was during these years of humble obscurity that he wrote poems in his first and happiest style. Finding that, in the evil days of false taste upon which he had fallen, this simplicity of diction was unappreciated, Góngora adopted the style called, from its pretensions to superior elegance, the "cultismo," or cultivated.

The chief characteristic of this new school was its incongruous assemblage of metaphors, by which the sense was obscured and oftentimes effectually concealed. Professor Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," gives some amusing specimens of "Góngorism," as this extravagantly metaphorical style came soon to be called. The following is one. Writing to a friend who had announced his intention of going with the king to Lisbon, a city which in Spanish tradition owes its origin to Ulysses, and at a time when two comets were visible in the heavens, Góngora says, "Wilt thou, in a year when a plural comet cuts out mourning of evil augury to crowns, tread in the footsteps of the wily Greek?"

Besides the obscurity of his metaphors, Góngora rendered his style still more affected and unintelligible by the use of foreign words, and of old Castilian words forced into new meanings. The result was that his works soon came

to require commentaries. The first of these was prepared in 1630, and called "Solemn Discourses on the Works of Don Luis de Góngora." Others followed, until the elucidations of this author's works exceeded tenfold the original compositions.

The productions of Góngora, although much admired by the false taste of that age, conferred no pecuniary benefit upon their author. At court, whither he repaired early in the century, he obtained little else but reputation, and at last, when he seemed on the point of gaining preferment, through the patronage of the Count-Duke Olivarez, his health gave way, and he returned to Cordova, where he soon after died, at the age of sixty-six.

The following is one of his earlier poems, written before he adopted the affected cultismo. The translation is by Bowring.

#### THE SONG OF KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

"Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me,  
How in a dawn all charms decay,—  
Less than my shadow doomed to be,  
Who was a wonder yesterday!

"I, with the early twilight horn,  
Found, ere the evening shades, a bier;  
And I should die in darkness lorn,  
But that the moon is shining here:  
So must ye die,—though ye appear  
So fair,—and night your curtain be.  
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

"My fleeting being was consoled  
When the Carnation met my view.  
One hurrying day my doom has told,—  
Heaven gave that lovely flower but two:  
Ephemeral monarch of the wold,—  
I clad in gloom,—in scarlet he.  
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

“ The Jasmine, sweetest flower of flowers,  
The soonest is its radiance fled;  
It scarce perfumes as many hours  
As there are star-beams round its head:  
If living amber fragrance shed,  
The Jasmine, sure, its shrine must be.  
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me !

“ The Bloody-Warrior fragrance gives ;  
It towers unblushing, proud, and gay ;  
More days than other flowers it lives,—  
It blooms through all the days of May ;  
I’d rather like a shade decay,  
Than such a gaudy being be.  
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me !”

Cordova gave birth to men of art as well as of letters ; and in one instance she combined the accomplishments of both, in the person of her distinguished son Pablo de Céspedes. This sculptor, painter, and poet was born in the year 1538. His youth was passed in his native city, but a portion of subsequent years was spent in the pursuits of art and literature at Seville and in Italy.

His chief literary production is a didactic poem called the “Art of Painting,” which contains descriptive passages of great beauty. In the cathedral of his native city, amid the magnificence of which his remains repose, may be seen a few of his works of art: the principal are paintings of the Apostles St. John and St. Andrew, and a Last Supper, which was regarded as his master-piece. Other of his productions are to be found at Seville.

Another painter of Cordova, but one of inferior merit, was Antonio Castillo y Saavedra. An anecdote is related of him which illustrates the power of the genius of his great contemporary Murillo. That distinguished master had been in early youth the pupil of Juan del Castillo, the uncle of Antonio. The latter, who had been educated in the school of Zurbaran, returned to his native city of

Cordova, with the conviction that he was himself the great painter of his time. When on visiting the "Claustro Chico," at Seville, he there beheld the works of Murillo, his heart failed within him, and he exclaimed, "It is all over with Castillo! Is it possible that Murillo, that servile imitator of my uncle, can be the author of all this grace and beauty of coloring?" Returning to Cordova, he attempted to rival Murillo, but, failing, died, the victim, it is said, of the envy and jealousy he entertained towards this great master.



## GRANADA.

### HISTORICAL.

Descriptive—The Alhambra—The Vega—Sierra Nevada—The Fortress and the Palace—Conquest of Granada.



N all of

“Lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!”

there is no other kingdom whose annals blend the historic and the poetic with such difficulty of separation as those of Granada.

The magic of the Moors, which, according to Arabian legend, has laid its spell upon tower and castle, seems to have extended to the minds of those who narrate their history or describe their works. Certainly few books read more like tales of enchantment than the “Alhambra” of Washington Irving,—his “Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,”—or, farther back, that pictured page in which Ginés Perez de Hita gives what Irving calls the “apocryphal but chivalresque” history of the civil wars of that kingdom.

By the middle of the thirteenth century, of all the splendid empire which under the name of the Western Caliphate the Saracens had established in the Peninsula, the province of Granada alone remained.

It was at this period, in the year 1248, that the fortress-palace of the Alhambra was begun by the Moorish king Mohammed Ben Alhamar. The noble pile was finished a

century later by Yusef, in the time of its completion antedating by two years the erection of the English palace of Windsor.

On the crest of a hill, a spur of the Sierra Nevada, and covering a space of nearly a league in circumference, rose the walls, battlements, and towers of the renowned Alhambra. At its feet lay the city, and beyond stretched the Vega of Granada. This plain, kept perpetually verdant by the windings of the silvery Xenil, is said by the Arabians to have exceeded in fertility and beauty the far-famed Valley of Damascus. They compared the white villas which sparkled amidst its verdure to Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds. Stretching out to the vast circumference of seventy miles, the Vega resembled a blooming wilderness. Vineyards and orchards covered its hills. Fields of golden grain, interspersed with gardens of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, adorned the plain. Hedges of myrtle and laurel shed fragrance on the air; and, that no sense might remain unenchanted, the sweet and thrilling song of the nightingale made perpetual melody in the groves.

Well might the delights of this region inspire the ardent imagination of the Moor with the belief that the Paradise of his Prophet was situated in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.

Guarding this Eden-spot of earth rose the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains, the loftiest chain in the peninsula. Quarries of jasper, alabaster, and the most beautiful and precious marbles are enclosed within their depths, whilst to the naturalist, and especially to the botanist, its rugged sides present unrivalled treasures. This snowy mountain-pile is justly the joy and pride of Granada, a perpetual alembic of fertilizing water, diffusing its refreshing influences by rivulet and fountain, and thus giving to the climate that charm so rare in such a latitude, the com-

bination of cooling breezes with the clear azure of a southern sky.

The exterior of the Alhambra was of severe and simple architecture, giving the impression of a fortress, designed for defence against enemies from abroad, and for protection to the subject city at its feet.

The name of the entrance, the Gate of Justice, recalls at once an Oriental custom enjoined by Scriptural command:—“Judges and officers shalt thou make *in all thy gates*, and they shall judge the people with just judgment.” Within the porch of this gate in Moslem times was held a tribunal for the immediate adjustment of petty causes. On the keystone of the great horseshoe arch which forms the vestibule is engraved a gigantic hand, and a key of proportionate dimensions is sculptured above the inner portal. The Moslems assert that it symbolizes the key of David, or Daoud, transmitted to their Prophet:—“And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open and none shall shut, and he shall shut and none shall open.”

The Spanish peasantry, in whose imagination every thing Moorish savors of magic and necromancy, affirm that the builder of the Alhambra laid it under a spell. This alone, say they, can account for its resisting the shock of storms and earthquakes which have laid in ruins all other Moorish edifices. Not until the gigantic hand, reaching down from the keystone of the vestibule, shall seize the key of the inner portal, will the spell be broken; and then, continues the popular story, the whole fabric will disappear, and the Moorish treasures concealed within its walls be brought to light.

Severe and even forbidding as was the external aspect of this fortress pile, “the king’s palace was all glorious within.”

The Court of Lions, so named because the alabaster foun-

tain in its midst is supported on the backs of twelve of these animals grotesquely sculptured, is one of the most celebrated of the beautiful interiors of the Alhambra. A portion of the inscription around the basin of the fountain was as follows:—"Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and shedding through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and flow amidst other jewels, surpassing every thing in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency. The purity of the alabaster and of the water vie with each other. If thou wouldest distinguish the water, look narrowly into the bowl; for both might be liquid, or both solid. The water seems to envy the beauty of the basin where it lies; and the basin is jealous of the crystal water. Beautiful is the stream that issues from my bosom, thrown high into the air by the profuse hand of Mohammed. His generosity excels the strength of the lion!"

The pavement of the Court of Lions was composed of azulejos, or glazed tiles, again recalling an Oriental custom and a Scriptural allusion:—"I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

Columns of gilded marble, standing singly or in groups, supported delicate arcades of fligree-work. This light architecture, having not even the appearance of durability, has stood through five centuries of vicissitude and change, and awakens to this day the wonder and admiration of the traveller. Says Washington Irving, "When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful, pilferings of the tasteful traveller: it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition that the whole is protected by a magic charm."

Opening into the Court of Lions were some of the most beautiful chambers of the Alhambra,—the Hall of the Abencerrages, the Hall of Justice, and that of the Two Sisters.

The Saracens, prohibited by their religion from representing the human or animal form in sculpture or painting, invented, by the combination of simple geometrical figures, that beautiful style of decorative art known as the Arabesque. It was first practised in Damascus; but the Moors of Spain carried this, as they did every other detail of Saracenic architecture, to the highest degree of perfection.

The dome in the Hall of the Abencerrages presented one of the most exquisite specimens of this graceful style of art. Wrought in honeycomb fashion, it would seem as if the hand of some cunning artist had imitated in these beautiful pendants the cells and crystals of fairy frost-work. The grotto-work of the cupolas was gilded, and the interstices were delicately tinted with colors of red and gold.

The Arabic inscriptions were in characters so highly ornate that to the uninitiated they resembled intricate and curious scroll-work, and of themselves constituted a beautiful species of decoration. The royal motto, "Wa le ghalib ile Aláh!" (There is no conqueror but God!) was emblazoned on the escutcheons in every part of the Alhambra, in the same manner as the "Honi soit qui mal y pense" of Edward III. appears in the decorations of Windsor Castle. The Moorish legend had, however, a nobler origin than that of the English monarch.

Alhamar, on his return to his dominions from the siege of Seville, was everywhere saluted with the title of "El Ghalib," the conqueror. Refusing to acknowledge it, he exclaimed, "There is no conqueror but God!"—a sentence which became from that time the motto of the Moorish kings of Granada.

The roof in the Hall of Ambassadors was of cedar,

richly colored with ornaments in gold painted on a ground of blue and red, reminding one of the houses "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermillion" of which the prophet Jeremiah speaks. There is little doubt that the skill of those cunning artificers in wood and stone, the Phenicians, passed down to the colonies which they had planted in the native land of the Moor. The windows of this hall, looking out upon the valley of the Darro and the beautiful Vega, command such enchanting views that the Emperor Charles V., as he gazed from them, could not forbear the exclamation, "Ill fated the man who lost all this! Better a tomb in the Alhambra than to reign elsewhere!"

To add to the charms of this delightful palace, fountains everywhere shed their diamond drops into basins of exquisite workmanship, their waters imparting a delicious coolness to the air, whilst the delicate odors of the orange, the myrtle, and the jasmine were wafted from the many groves and gardens with which the hill of the Alhambra was adorned.

From the period of the transfer of the court to Granada, until the downfall of the kingdom, the history of the Moorish sovereigns, with the exception of a few more fortunate reigns, is made up of warfare with the Christian monarchs on their borders. These wars consisted in predatory forays and retaliatory ravages, which laid waste the beautiful Vega, annihilating its wealth, and converting this enchanting plain into an area of strife, upon which perhaps more blood has been shed than upon any other single spot of earth.

The internal history of the kingdom presented during the same period a melancholy picture of dissensions, conspiracy, and civil war. The Abencerrages, a family of Oriental origin, claiming lineal descent from one of the Companions of the Prophet, were at feud with the Zegrís, another noble house, tracing its ancestry to the monarchs of Cordova; and these dissensions divided Granada.

The Abencerrages had become powerful during the establishment of the seat of empire at Cordova; but the days of their greatest prosperity were during the reign of Muhamed el-Hayzari, in the first half of the fifteenth century. In the year 1465, Muley Abul Hassan ascended the throne of Granada. In his youth he had married Ayxa la Horra, the daughter of his great-uncle Muhamed, the distinguished patron of the Abencerrages. The only child of this marriage was a son, Boabdil, called sometimes El Chico, and El Rey Chico,—“the little king.” He received a more ominous surname,—that of El-Zogoybi, “The Unfortunate,”—astrologers having predicted at his birth that the downfall of the kingdom would be accomplished in his reign.

In advanced years Muley Hassan wedded a young and beautiful Christian captive, whom, taken when quite a child, he had caused to be educated in the Moslem faith. Her Spanish name was Isabel de Solis; but her beauty acquired for her the appellation by which she is generally known,—that of Zoraya, or the “Morning Star.” The king, alienated from his first-born by the gloomy prophecies which had heralded his birth, transferred his affections from the unhappy Boabdil and the faithful Ayxa, to bestow them upon his more youthful sultana and her children. The divisions of the harem extended throughout the court and the kingdom. The Abencerrages espoused the cause of Ayxa, the daughter of their great benefactor; whilst the Zegrís took part with the beautiful Zoraya.

Whilst the Moslems were thus divided, a union occurred among their enemies, which was destined ultimately to extinguish the fast-waning glory of the Mohammedan empire in Spain. This was the marriage of the young sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, and the consequent consolidation of the crowns of Castile and Aragon, from which period the power and glory of Spain rapidly culminated to their

proudest height. The councils of the sovereigns were guided by such eminent statesmen as Cardinal Mendoza and Fernando de Talavera; whilst their armies were led by Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, the brave warriors of the house of Aguilar, and countless noble knights, among whom it were hard to specify the bravest, where each vied with the other in all deeds of knightly prowess.

In the year 1478, King Ferdinand sent an embassy to the court of Granada, to demand of the Moorish sovereign the tribute which that sovereign's immediate predecessor had paid to the Spanish crown, but which had been withheld since the accession of the fierce Muley Abul Hassan. The Moslem monarch received the demand with scorn. "Tell your sovereigns," said he, "that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimetars and heads of lances." The ambassador who bore back this reply to the Spanish king gave also a report of the strongly-fortified and well-guarded condition of the Moorish kingdom. The astute Ferdinand, aware that he was not in circumstances to declare immediate war against the haughty infidel, contented himself with avowing his determination and plan of future hostilities. He expressed these in a play upon the name of Granada, which signifies a pomegranate. "I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one," exclaimed Ferdinand, alluding to the numerous castles and fortified places by which the capital was environed.

The storm of war which was to lay Granada in ruins was first evoked by the monarch of that ill-fated kingdom. Muley Abul Hassan, fierce and impatient, in defiance of the truce which still existed, surprised the strong fortress of Zahara, that rock-built castle, which in its proud height claimed to tower above the flight of birds and the sweep

of clouds. One night, in the midst of a tempest so furious that the sentinels had deserted their posts, the slumbering garrison was awakened by cries of "The Moors! the Moors!" All who were not slain in that midnight massacre were carried captives to Granada.

On his throne in the Hall of the Ambassadors sat the Moorish king, receiving the congratulations of his courtiers. The rays of the declining sun poured in through the arched windows, lighting up the delicate tracery of red and azure and gold, glancing to the starry dome, or gleaming along the slender marble columns and upon the bright azulejo pavement of that magnificent hall. Through carved and gilded portals, nobles and courtiers, in gorgeous apparel, with gilded scimetars and jewel-hilted poniards, crowded into the Alhambra. The heart of the Moorish monarch, elate with the pride of victory, imagined that the day of Moorish empire had returned. Suddenly a voice was heard crying, "Woe! woe! woe to Granada! its hour of desolation approaches. The ruins of Zahara will fall upon our heads; my spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand!" Awe fell upon the gay throng in the Alhambra: they seemed spell-bound by that solemn voice, which, passing beyond the court, was heard through the city still crying, "Woe! woe! woe to Granada! its fall is at hand! desolation will dwell in its palaces; its strong men will fall beneath the sword, its children and maidens be led into captivity. Zahara is but a type of Granada!" This startling and prophetic utterance fell from the lips of a Santon or Dervish, one of those holy men who, according to the Arabians, obtain by long-continued fasting and meditation the power of foreseeing the future.

It would consume too much space to relate how, year by year during the ensuing ten, this prophecy hastened to its fulfilment. Irving has told the romantic story; and in his "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" the reader will

find every thing to delight and instruct regarding this interesting period.

Suffice it to say that internal dissension and disunion went on. At one time there were three kings, the aged but still high-hearted Muley Abul Hassan, his brother El-Zagel, and his son Boabdil el-Chico. The first was removed by death; the second, after many vicissitudes of fortune, was forced, at the close of the year 1489, to surrender to the Christians; and around the unfortunate Boabdil the toils of the wary Ferdinand were rapidly gathering. By the spring of 1491 the heart of the pomegranate alone remained; and on the 11th of May the Castilian sovereigns began the memorable siege of the city of Granada.

Boabdil, although possessed of personal bravery, had not the high, unswerving courage of his valiant-hearted mother. In vain she urged, "There lurks more danger for a monarch within the strong walls of a palace than within the frail curtains of a tent. It is by perils in the field that he must purchase security on his throne. . . . It is a feeble mind that waits for the turn of Fortune's wheel; the brave mind seizes upon it and turns it to its purpose. Take the field, and you may drive danger before you; remain cowering at home, and it besieges you in your dwelling." The ominous prophecy at his birth, and the dark words of the Santon, had cast their paralyzing influence upon the mind of Boabdil, and the spirit-stirring exhortations of Ayxa roused him but to temporary effort.

In October, when the siege had lasted six months, and the inhabitants, long cut off from the supplies of their fruitful Vega, were languishing with famine, the capital agreed to terms of capitulation. The treaty of surrender was made at Santa Fé, that beleaguered city, built in the form of a cross, which, when a conflagration had destroyed the tented camp of the Christian sovereigns, was erected by them in token of their unflinching determination to

prosecute the siege. The terms of the treaty guaranteed that the Moors should be protected in the exercise of their religion and ruled by their own laws, which should be administered by Moorish cadis serving under governors appointed by the Spanish king.

On the 2d of January, 1492, the Christian sovereigns took possession of Granada. On the morning of that day Boabdil went forth from the palace through a gateway which ever since that melancholy departure has been walled up. This was done by the order of Isabella, in compliance with a last prayer of Boabdil el-Zogoybi that no one might ever enter or leave the Alhambra by the fatal portal through which he had passed for the surrender of his capital. Winding down the ravine of the Darro, by a road which avoided the town, he encountered the Castilian monarch and delivered into his hands the keys of the city. At an humble village across the Vega he joined his family, and commenced the cheerless journey towards the wild region of the Alpuxarras. From the summit of one of the dreary heights which form the outskirts of these mountains, the sad-hearted group of royal exiles turned to take their last look of the Moorish city. "Allah Achbar!" "God is great!" broke from the lips of Boabdil; and then, even Moslem resignation giving way beneath the pressure of calamity like his, the unhappy monarch burst into tears. Turning upon him with her look and voice of scorn, the proud-spirited Ayxa uttered the memorable reproach, "You do well to weep like a woman over what you could not defend like a man!" The spot on which they stood is still called "el ultimo suspiro del Moro" (the last sigh of the Moor).

Amid the brilliant throng who, in that proudest moment of Spanish conquest, beheld the silver cross first planted upon the watch-tower of the Alhambra, stood one, a foreigner, simple in garb, obscure in lineage, and yet destined

to confer upon Spain a greater and more enduring glory than that bestowed upon her by the most knightly and accomplished of her warriors. Little thought the jostling crowd that in the humble navigator Christopher Columbus they beheld the man by whose high intelligence and indomitable spirit a way should be opened for the triumph of Spanish arms and Roman faith over the heathen realms of a yet undiscovered world. Columbus was not a Spaniard by birth, but his loyalty, religious fervor, and chivalric spirit were in perfect harmony with the national character of that people. In the glorious moment of devout enthusiasm when he looked upon the symbol of Christianity as it rose in triumph over the last stronghold of the Moors, the design of consecrating the wealth of future discoveries to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre became a fixed purpose in the heroic soul of Columbus. To the sublime faith of the humble mariner, the riches of the Indies were an assured possession.

Three months later, at the royal city of Santa Fé, stipulations were signed granting to the adventurer a few ships and men wherewith to make his voyage of discovery, and guaranteeing due honors and rewards should his dreams become realities. To Columbus and to the Moors, in the long years of wrong and persecution which ensued to both, what a sound of bitter irony must have seemed the name of Santa Fé,—that city of Sacred Faith where the treaty and stipulations were signed upon which the conquered nation and the adventurous mariner had alike rested their hopes!

Many Moors still clung to Granada after it had become a Christian kingdom. Their condition, in flagrant violation of the terms of the surrender, was one of ever-increasing oppression under Ferdinand and his successors. The Inquisition was established among them. They were forbidden the exercise of their religion, the use of their native lan-

guage, and even the practise of their national amusements or the wearing of their national dress. Arabic literature was prohibited, and the children of Moslems were taken from their parents to be educated in Catholic schools.

In the year 1569 the small remnant of the Morisco-Spaniards in the wild regions of the Alpujarras rose in rebellion. They were unable to resist the power of their enemies, who, under the celebrated Don John of Austria, achieved a second Moorish conquest. Nothing could exceed the cruelty which attended this final subjugation of the revolted nation. They were driven from Andalusia, the land which had been enriched by their agriculture and adorned with their arts, and compelled to seek new homes amid the Christian inhabitants of interior Spain. At length, in the year 1610, Philip III. filled up the measure of Spanish wrong towards this unhappy people, by an edict of perpetual banishment, under which the remnant of the Moorish nation were transported to the coast of Africa. This act, by which six hundred thousand of the most ingenious and industrious of her population were exiled from the kingdom, gave a death-blow to the prosperity of Spain.

"Never," says Washington Irving, "was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morisco-Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption, and of their occupation for ages, refuses to acknowledge them, except as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks, left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra. A Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, flourished, and passed away."

Among the most beautiful monuments of Spanish Granada

are the tombs of her conquerors. These magnificent sepulchres are placed in the centre of the royal chapel, itself the architectural gem of the cathedral. They are of purest alabaster, and upon them are extended the marble figures of the sovereigns, wrought in exquisite sculpture, the work of a Genoese artist. Their costume is without ornament, save that Ferdinand wears the Garter and Isabella the Cross of the Order of Santiago. The faces are portraits; and the expression upon the countenance of the queen is serene and beautiful.

Isabella died at Madrid, but directed by her will that she should be buried "in the brightest pearl of her crown," as she justly and proudly regarded this beautiful city of Granada. This sovereign's noble character won her the love and devotion of her own subjects, as well as the admiration of surrounding nations. The English Lord Bacon praises her "in all her relations of queen or woman," as "an honor to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain;" whilst the great dramatist, in portraying the virtues of her ill-fated daughter, Queen Katharine of Aragon, well describes the character of her royal mother:—

"Thou art alone  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),  
*The Queen of earthly queens!*"



## GRANADA.

### LITERATURE AND ART.

The Alhambra—The Vega—Sierra Nevada—Conquest of Granada—Columbus—Literature—Mendoza—Juan Boscan—Garcilasso—Alonso Cano.



CHRISTIAN Granada gave birth to one of Spain's greatest literary celebrities, Diego de Mendoza. This soldier, statesman, poet, historian, and novelist came of proud ancestry. His great-grandfather was the Marquis of Santillana, a famous poet and wit of the court of John II.; his grandfather was a distinguished statesman and able ambassador in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; and his father, Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Count of Tendilla, one of the brightest ornaments of this illustrious house, took conspicuous part in the overthrow of Granada, and became its first governor after the surrender.

Diego, who was born in 1503, seems to have inherited the talents and united in himself the accomplishments of all his distinguished ancestry. At an early age, in his native city he became acquainted with the graces of Arabic literature which still lingered in the last European home of the Moor. Destined for the Church, he was sent to Salamanca to pursue the studies necessary to such a profession, but soon gave convincing proof that his talents were not those which would grace the habit of an ecclesiastic.

The young Mendoza, still in his college days, by a single production of genius, laid the foundation of a new and

henceforth most popular school of Spanish literature,—that known as the “gusto picaresco” or rogue style. The work which effected this was the “Lazarillo de Tórmes,”—the autobiography of a boy born in a mill on the banks of the Tórmes, a small stream near Salamanca. The little Lazarus begins life as the leader of a blind beggar; he subsequently rises into the service successively of a priest, a Castilian hidalgo, a friar, a seller of indulgences, a chaplain, and an alguazil or magistrate. In each of these situations he displays great good humor, together with a quickness of intelligence and cunning which distinguish him as an accomplished rogue. His wild career of adventure and crime affords pictures of many different classes of Spanish society, some of which are unsparingly satirized. The spirited sketches of the “friar” and the “seller of indulgences” fell under the censure of the Church, and were stricken out of the edition of the work issued under ecclesiastical authority.

The class of fictions to which the Lazarillo of Mendoza led the way found numerous admirers. Forty-six years after its publication, Mateo Aleman wrote his “Guzman de Alfarache,” a novel in the picaresque style, which obtained such wide popularity that it was translated into six of the modern languages of Europe, and even attained the honor of appearing in Latin.

Early in the ensuing century, Vicente Espinel, born in the romantic stronghold of Ronda, gave to the world the “Escudero Marcos de Obregon.” This esquire of dames, in his advanced years, relates his history, which is made up of a rare tissue of follies, intrigues, crimes, and exploits, to an old monk, in whose cell the narrator is sheltered from the fury of a storm which had overtaken him in a journey from Madrid.

The “Guzman de Alfarache” and the “Marcos de Obregon” are, with the “Lazarillo,” the most distinguished of their class in Spain. The gusto picaresco, however,

owes its celebrity not to the production of the original author Mendoza, nor yet to his Spanish followers, but to that most successful imitation of all these works, the famous "Gil Blas" of the French author Le Sage.

Mendoza served with the Spanish armies of Charles V. in Italy. Although a brave soldier and one of the most accomplished statesmen of the age, he seems never to have laid aside the tastes and pursuits of a scholar. In Italy he attended the lectures of the learned professors in the universities of Bologna, Padua, and Rome. When sent by Charles V. as his ambassador to Venice, he patronized the Aldi, from whose press for more than a century, under Aldus Manutius, his son Paolo, and his grandson the younger Aldus, were issued the most beautiful specimens of the art of printing in Europe. The first book printed by them was in 1490; and in 1597, when the press was broken up, no less than nine hundred and sixty-eight Aldine editions had been given to the world. These all bear the device of the family—an anchor and dolphin, beautifully engraved—on the last page of each volume. The Aldi were men of learning, as well as of great zeal and skill in the prosecution of their art. The elder Aldus sent into distant countries to procure the most perfect manuscripts of rare or valuable works, and established an academy in his own house, in order to secure the aid of the most distinguished scholars in bringing out his editions. Among the members of this society were Cardinal Bembo and the Ambassador Navagiero. The latter, as we shall see, exerted an important influence upon Spanish literature. Mendoza employed his wealth and influence to obtain from the monks on Mount Athos valuable Greek manuscripts which were there preserved; and the first complete copy of Josephus, as well as the works of some of the Christian Fathers, was printed from these treasures of his library. He likewise encouraged the printing of desirable books in the

modern languages of Europe, and exhorted young men to the study of philosophy and science in their native tongues.

Diego de Mendoza rose to high political honors during the reign of Charles V.; but, notwithstanding his talents as a statesman, a soldier, and a man of letters, he was not a favorite with that monarch's successor. Doubtless he possessed too much of the old generous and chivalric spirit of Spain's glorious days, to suit the cold and bigoted temper of Philip II. and his court. In the royal palace a courtier drew a dagger upon Mendoza: the latter, regardless of the place, wrested the weapon from his assailant, and threw it (some say threw him) over the balcony in which they were standing. For this offence, deadly in the eyes of the punctilious monarch, Mendoza was condemned to pass the greater part of his remaining days in exile.

He sought the home of his youth, and there, amid the mementos of the glory of his ancestors, composed, under the title of "The War of Granada," one of the most beautiful and classical histories which adorn the literature of any country. It may more properly be called a fragment of history, as it describes the short and ill-fated rebellion of the Moors of the Alpuxarras, extending only through the short period of three years, from 1568 to 1570. This distinguished scholar died at Madrid in 1575, at the advanced age of seventy-two.

The name of Diego de Mendoza is associated with that of his friend and contemporary Juan Boscan, who introduced the Italian form and structure of verse into Spanish poetry. In this respect he may be called the founder of a new school in literature; and, as the incident which led him to become such occurred in Granada, it will not be inappropriate to mention Boscan, although a Catalan by birth, in connection with Mendoza and his native city.

At the close of the fifteenth century a marked deficiency of natural spirit and good taste characterized the poetry, if

not the general literature, of Spain. The first impulse to a better state of things sprang from Italy, then culminating to the height of her intellectual greatness. Dante and Petrarch and Tasso had passed away, but the age of Leo X. and Clement VII. succeeded,—the age of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, of Ariosto and Cardinal Bembo.

It was during this period that the arms of Charles V. triumphed in Italy. Naples became a Spanish viceroyalty; Spanish armies overran Lombardy; and at one time, when the sovereign Pontiff was a prisoner in his hands, Rome itself was at the mercy of the Imperial conqueror. By these events vast numbers of Spaniards were brought under the influences of Italian civilization and culture. Spanish students were found at Padua and Bologna; Spanish poets had their admirers at Naples and Rome. A member of the old Spanish family of Dávalos, patrons of letters in Naples, had married Vittoria Colonna, whom few daughters of genius have excelled either in the attainments of intellect or in beauty of moral character.

The influence of Italy in moulding anew the taste of Spain was first exhibited in the works of Boscan. The circumstances which brought him under this influence shall be narrated in his own words:—“Being with Navagiero in Granada, and discoursing with him there one day concerning matters of wit and letters, and especially of the different forms they take in different languages, he asked me why I did not make an experiment in Castilian of sonnets and the other forms of verse used by good Italian authors; and not only spoke to me of it thus slightly, but urged me much to it. A few days afterwards I set off for my own home;\* and whether it were the length and solitariness of the way I know not, but, turning over different things in my mind, I came often back upon what Navagiero had said

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\* Barcelona.

to me. And thus I began to try this kind of verse. At first I found it somewhat difficult; for it is of a very artful construction, and in many particulars different from ours. But afterwards it seemed to me—perhaps from the love we naturally bear to what is our own—that I began to succeed very well; and so I went on, little by little, with increasing zeal."

Boscan, happy in his family life at Barcelona, seems to have been quite unambitious of literary fame, and published few, if any, of his works. We are indebted for these—which are numerous—to the affection of his faithful widow, by whom they were given to the world a year or two after her husband's death. One of his most admired productions is "The Courtier," of which Dr. Johnson says, "it is the best book on good-breeding that ever was written." This work is a translation from the Italian of Castiglione, but is rendered into such pure Castilian that in point of style it has all the merit of an original work. Although so happy in this effort, Boscan was not fond of translations, and only undertook "The Courtier" at the earnest request of a friend, who was himself a poet of superior genius, and one who carried the cultivation of Italian forms, which Boscan had introduced into Castilian, to the greatest perfection which they ever attained in that language.

I refer to Garcilasso de la Vega, a favorite name in the annals of Spanish poetry.

Garcilasso, well descended from a long line of chivalric ancestry, was born in 1503, at Toledo. Though a native of Old Castile, yet, in memory of the poetic legend regarding one of his ancestors, this noble poet may well have part with his friends Boscan and Mendoza in the literary associations of Granada.

It is related that upon one occasion a Moorish warrior had offered the greatest indignity to the Christian faith, by attaching an *Ave Maria* to his horse's tail and exhibiting it on

the plain of Granada in the face of the Catholic besiegers. A young knight of the ancestry of Garcilasso, fired by this insult, rode forth to avenge it. Though a stripling compared to the fierce Moor, he, like another David, met the haughty warrior in single combat, and, having vanquished him in fight, bore back the Ave Maria affixed to the top of his lance, amid shouts of rejoicing, to the Christian camp. This deed of prowess acquired for the brave young knight and his descendants the surname of De la Vega, in memory of the scene of the achievement. Some writers have recorded this action among the closing events of the siege of Granada, and attributed it to the father of the poet; but, as at that time the name had been borne by the family for at least a century, it must have been won, if acquired in the manner described, by some earlier hero of the knightly race.

Garcilasso's own career, both in arts and arms, proves him worthy of Spain's best days. He was but a few years younger than Charles V., and, upon that monarch's first visit to his Spanish dominions, Garcilasso, then in his fifteenth year, was presented at court. The beauty of his person, the grace and frankness of his address, and the variety of manly accomplishments for which he was distinguished, won him the favor of the king. Many hours were spent together by the royal youth and his noble companion in the favorite amusements of riding, leaping, wrestling, tilting, and swimming the Tagus.

At eighteen, Garcilasso entered upon his career of arms, by engaging in the wars carried on by the Emperor against the French king in Italy, and was present at the celebrated battle of Pavia. On his return to Spain the young poet married Helen de Zuñiga, maid of honor to Leonora, Queen of France. His passion for this lady gave rise to his first attempts at sonnets in the Italian style; and many which he addressed to her vie in beauty with those of Petrarch, his great Italian model. The invasion of Hungary by

Solyman the Turkish Sultan, which took place in 1532, summoned Garcilasso again to the field. Whilst at Vienna he incurred the displeasure of the empress, and was thrown into prison on an island in the Danube. Again restored to favor, he rejoined the army, and was engaged in the siege of Tunis in 1535, when he received two wounds. A year or two later the young soldier accompanied the disastrous expedition of the Emperor into the territories of his rival the King of France.

As the army marched into Provence, Garcilasso was ordered to carry a small tower, which, well defended by fifty peasants, presented an obstacle to the advance. He was the first to mount the wall;—when a block of stone, rolled over the battlements by the combined strength of numbers, fell upon his shielded helmet and precipitated him, mortally wounded, into the moat beneath. He was carried to Nice, where, after lingering a few weeks, he died, at the early age of thirty-three. There is something in the character and fate of this young knight which reminds one of that flower of English chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney. Each was the ornament of the age and court in which he flourished, and each passed to an early and untimely grave, lamented by the entire nation to which he belonged.

The verse of Garcilasso surpasses that of Boscan in grace and elegance, and made a deep impression upon the minds of his countrymen: Cervantes is loud in his praises; Lope de Vega, the great Spanish dramatist, often imitates him; his sonnets were everywhere heard, and his eclogues were acted as dramas. Those whose tastes by a long sojourn in Italy had been formed upon Italian models were delighted to find this versification in such perfection in their native Castilian. They were proud of their knightly poet, and spread his fame and his verse wherever Spanish influence extended.

The eclogues of Garcilasso are perhaps the most admired of his poetical works. This is especially true of the first, which utters the complaints of two shepherd lovers, the one on the occasion of the death, the other on account of the infidelity, of his mistress.

The following are a few lines of this admired poem, translated by Professor Ticknor. They are taken from the lament of the shepherd Nemoroso, who bewails, "with passionate complaint," the death of his beloved.

" And as the nightingale that hides herself  
 Amidst the sheltering leaves, and sorrows there,  
 Because the unfeeling hind, with cruel craft,  
 Hath stole away her unfledged offspring dear,—  
 Stole them from out the nest that was their home,  
 While she was absent from the bough she loved,—  
 And pours her grief in sweetest melody,  
 Filling the air with passionate complaint,  
 Amidst the silence of the gloomy night,  
 Calling on heaven and heaven's pure stars  
 To witness her great wrong;—so I am yielded up  
 To misery, and mourn, in vain, that Death  
 Should thrust his hand into my inmost heart,  
 And bear away, as from its nest and home,  
 The love I cherished with unceasing care!"

The following stanza gives the conclusion of Nemoroso's lament, in a pathetic appeal to the beatified spirit of his mistress:—

" Divine Eliza! since the sapphire sky  
 Thou measurest now on angel-wings, and feet  
 Sandalled with immortality, O, why  
 Of me forgetful? Wherefore not entreat  
 To hurry on the time when I shall see  
 The veil of mortal being rent in twain,  
 And smile that I am free?  
 In the third circle of that happy land,  
 Shall we not seek together, hand in hand,

Another lovelier landscape, a new plain,  
Other romantic streams and mountains blue,  
Fresh flowery vales, and a new shady shore,  
Where I may rest, and ever in my view  
Keep thee, without the terror and surprise  
Of being sundered more?"

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Granada was the home of Alonso Cano, a Spanish artist of great merit. "The manner of Cano as a painter," says Head, "is soft, rich, and pleasing: he might be called the Spanish Correggio, as much with reference to his execution as to the character of his genius." The churches and galleries of Spain exhibit not a few of this painter's productions. Alonso was born at Seville, and his works show that, like Murillo, he was deeply imbued with that veneration for the Virgin which pervades his native city. His masterpiece is a small figure of the "Virgin and Child," exquisitely carved and colored, which was wrought for the Cathedral at Granada, of which Cano was a minor canon.

The character of this artist was marked by a singular impetuosity and violence. On one occasion a dignitary of the Court of Chancery in Granada requested at the hands of Cano the execution of a carved image of St. Anthony of Padua. When the work was finished, the judge expressed himself in the highest degree satisfied, and demanded the price. Cano named it at one hundred doubloons. "How many days have you employed upon it?" asked the astonished dignitary. "Five-and-twenty," replied the artist. "Four doubloons a day!" exclaimed the indignant purchaser. "Your lordship reckons wrong," responded Cano, "for I have spent fifty years in learning how to execute such a work in twenty-five days." "That is well argued," said the judge; "but I have spent my patrimony and my youth in studying at the university, and in a higher pro-

fession; and here I am but a judge in Granada, thinking myself lucky if I get one doubloon a day." Cano interrupted him in rage. "A higher profession, indeed! The king can make judges out of the dust of the earth; but it is reserved for God alone to make an Alonso Cano!"—saying which, he seized the beautiful image and dashed it upon the pavement. The dignitary quickly made his escape, fearing lest the fury of the irate artist should extend to the innocent cause of its outburst.

One of Cano's peculiarities was an intense aversion to all persons having any taint of Judaism. In Granada there were seen daily in the streets "penitents," or reclaimed Jews subjected to penance by the Inquisition. They wore the "sanbenito," a garment made of two pieces of yellow cloth,\* one covering the breast and the other the back, and having a conspicuous red cross wrought upon it. Whenever in his walks Cano encountered one of these penitents, he would cross to the other side of the street; but if, on the sudden turning of a corner, or by other accident, he came in contact with one, he would immediately take off his cloak, which he considered polluted by the Jew's touch, and give it to his servant. The attendant was not permitted to wear this discarded apparel; but, as he made no little profit by selling it, he was suspected of sometimes contriving a contact which otherwise would not have occurred. He was wont on such occasions somewhat hypocritically to expostulate with his master, saying, "It was the slightest touch in the world: it cannot matter." "Not matter!" was the invariable reply of the scrupulous Cano, "You scoundrel! in such things, every thing matters." The Jew penitents were venders of linen and other articles,

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\* This color was chosen for the Sanbenito because in all paintings or figures of Judas Iscariot, by the old masters, he was invariably represented with yellow drapery.

which they sold about the streets. Once Cano's house-keeper had the temerity to introduce into the very dwelling of her master one of these obnoxious dealers. An altercation regarding the price of some article brought Cano to the spot. His fury may be imagined. The unlucky "penitent" escaped while the artist was seeking a weapon with which he could assault him without risk of defilement. The woman was obliged to flee the house, and for a long time perform rigorous penance and quarantine, before her angry master would consent to restore her to favor.

On his death-bed the peculiar prejudices of Alonso Cano, both as a man and as an artist, were exhibited in a remarkable manner. He lived at Granada, in the parish of Santiago, within the precincts of which stood the prison of the Inquisition. When the parish priest came to administer to him the last sacraments of the Church, Cano asked whether he was accustomed to give them to the reclaimed Jews. On being answered in the affirmative, the dying man exclaimed, "Well, then, Señor Licenciado, go with God [the expression commonly used at parting by Spaniards], and do not trouble yourself to call again; for the priest who administers the sacraments to the penitent Jews shall not administer them to me." He then sent for another priest. This latter clergyman offended the taste of the artist by presenting him with a crucifix badly carved. "Take it away!" exclaimed Cano. The priest, dreadfully shocked at this seeming impiety, replied, "My son, what dost thou mean? this is the Lord who redeemed thee, and who must save thee." "I know that well," was the answer; "but do you want to provoke me with this wretched thing, so as to give me over to the devil? Let me have a simple cross; for with that I can reverence Christ in faith; I can worship him as he is in himself, and as I contemplate him in my own mind." His request was granted, and

Alonso Cano expired shortly after, edifying the bystanders by his pious and exemplary departure. He was interred in the Cathedral at Granada, which he had enriched during his life by some of the most beautiful works of his chisel and of his brush.



## SEVILLE.

Antiquity—Moorish Remains—Art—Velasquez—Murillo—The New World—Las Casas—Lope de Rueda—Herrera.



THE "fair city of Seville" claims for herself a high antiquity. Over one of the gates appears a Latin inscription, which translated reads thus:—"Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and lofty towers; a Gothic king lost me; a saint-king recovered me, with the aid of Garcí Perez de Vargas." The assigning the foundation of a city to a mythical hero like Hercules is evidence at least that its origin belongs to a remote age; and we know that Seville, under its ancient name of Hispal, was a flourishing Phenician colony before the time of the Romans. When Spain became a province of the Empire, this city was the favored capital of Cæsar, as Cordova was the stronghold and ally of his rival Pompey. Seville—or rather Italica, which the conquerors built on the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir—gave birth to three of Rome's best emperors, Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius.

It is not, however, to the Romans, nor to the Goths, that Seville owes its chief associations of interest. Those belong to the days of the Moorish occupation. For five centuries this refined and graceful people ruled in Seville, and adorned the fair city of their possession with those edifices which even in mutilation and ruin present exquisite specimens of architectural beauty. Of these is the famous Giralda,

so called from the word *gira*, indicative of the surmounting vane, "que gira,"—which turns round. It was built in the twelfth century by Abu Yusef, and designed for astronomical purposes, as well as for the uses to which in modern times the Moslem minaret is appropriated. The belfry rose under the hands of its Moorish architect to the height of two hundred and fifty feet; many centuries later, a Christian king of Seville added another hundred feet, ornamented with filigree work, and inscribed with the words, "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower." The golden balls surmounting this belfry in Moorish times were thrown down by an earthquake in 1395. A huge figure of "La Fé," bearing the Labarum, or banner of Constantine, now towers in their place. This figure, "El Girandillo," is of bronze, fourteen feet in height, and weighs twenty-eight hundred pounds; and yet it is turned by the slightest breeze. When this unique and beautiful belfry is lighted up upon a festival night, the effect is that of a brilliant luminary suspended from the dark vault of heaven.

The Alcazar—al-Kasr, the house of Cæsar—is another beautiful specimen, despite the Gothic and modern alterations, of the architectural skill of the Moors. Indeed, everywhere throughout Seville, even at this day, may be found traces of this tasteful people, not only in the houses, but also in the customs, manners, and amusements of the inhabitants.

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century Seville was recovered to the Christians by the arms of the saint-king Ferdinand of Castile and Leon. It was then made the capital of the monarchy; and, although Spanish sovereigns occasionally resided elsewhere, it remained such until Charles V. established the seat of his empire at Valladolid.

Christian Seville is especially noteworthy for having given birth to Spain's greatest painters, Velasquez and

Murillo. In the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, still stands the house of Bartolomé Estéban Murillo. It is a cheerful dwelling, looking down upon a garden adorned with a fountain, Italian frescoes, and statues of fauns, naiads, and dryads. Here Murillo lived and painted; for, although he visited other cities, Seville was his abiding-place and the home of his affections. Velasquez and Murillo may be called the founders of Spanish art, for until their time no national school of painting existed. Velasquez was the finest court painter; whilst Murillo excelled in religious pictures.

"Velasquez and Murillo," says the great English painter Sir David Wilkie, "are preferred, and preferred with reason, to all others, as the most original and characteristic of their school. These two great painters are remarkable for having lived in the same time, in the same school; painted from the same people, and of the same age, and yet to have formed two styles so different and opposite, that the most unlearned can scarcely mistake them,—Murillo being all softness, while Velasquez is all sparkle and vivacity."

The same excellent authority, in comparing the merits of these two masters, says,—

"While the qualities of Velasquez are fitted chiefly for the artist, from their high technical excellence, those of Murillo, from their extreme simplicity, are addressed to the multitude. No painter is so universally popular as Murillo; without trick or vulgar imitation, he attracts every one by his power, and adapts the higher subjects of art to the commonest understandings. Perhaps that very power tells to his prejudice amongst painters, who suppose the great qualities of art can be appreciated only by the few; but, unless art can affect the uninstructed, it loses its influence upon the great mass of mankind."

Diego Velasquez de Silva was born at Seville in 1599. When very young, he entered the school of an artist named Herrera. The ill temper and harsh manners of this master drove the youth to seek a more amiable but far less talented instructor in one Francisco Pacheco, the Commissioner of the Inquisition for the inspection of sacred paintings.

The Holy Office exercised the strictest supervision over the treatment of all religious subjects; and its puerile exactions and prohibitions must have exerted a very injurious influence upon the freedom and expansion of the Spanish school. The rules regarding the representation of the Virgin and the events in her history were especially minute. Art in Spain was greatly influenced by the religious sentiment which pervaded the national character.

"No one," says Sir Edmund Head, "ever walked through a large collection of genuine Spanish pictures without feeling that a peculiar solemnity, and what may be called an ascetic spirit, pervaded the works around him. . . . The prevailing tone is one of gloom and severity: you feel as Pacheco says he did with regard to Campafia's Descent from the Cross—afraid to be alone with it in a gloomy chapel. Joined with all this there sometimes meets us an expression of enthusiastic devotion; so that the whole result expresses the characteristic spirit of Spanish religion, which united the gloom of St. Dominic with the mystical fervor of St. Ignatius or St. Teresa."

Pacheco was proud of his pupil Velasquez, to whom, at the end of five years, he gave his daughter Juana in marriage. "The honor of being his master," exclaims the worthy man, "is greater than that of being his father-in-law;" and he boasts of it as his "glory," the crown of his declining years. To acquire skill in the representation of the human face and form, Velasquez employed a peasant boy to serve as a subject in every variety of action and attitude, such as those of laughing, crying, eating, sleeping, &c. This boy served also as a model for various heads which his master executed upon blue paper, in charcoal heightened with white. Two of the earliest pictures which gave promise of the great genius of Velasquez are "The Adoration of the Shepherds," and "The Water-Carrier of Seville."

At the age of twenty-three the young artist went to Madrid, where he was well received and introduced at court. He found a powerful friend and patron in the Count-

Duke Olivarez, and through him in the king, Philip IV. Many of his most celebrated works are portraits of the royal family of Spain. One of these, a fine painting of Philip IV. on horseback, obtained great favor. A model was made from it and sent to Florence, where a magnificent statue was cast in bronze, which still remains an object of great admiration, in one of the public squares of Madrid. Velasquez met the celebrated Dutch painter Rubens at the court of the Escorial. In 1629 he obtained permission of the king to visit Italy, and there spent two years, in the cities whose galleries were richest in works of art. Nearly one-half of this period was passed at Rome, where, although the Papal Court was at enmity with that of Spain, the Spanish painter was honorably received, lodged in the Vatican, and afforded every facility for the prosecution and enjoyment of his art.

When he returned to Spain, Velasquez was kindly welcomed at court, and, upon his first interview with the king, thanked the monarch that during his absence no one had been allowed to paint the portrait of his majesty. One of the artist's pictures, that of Adrian Pareja, Captain-General of the forces in New Spain, elicited a flattering compliment from the king. Philip, having ordered the departure of the admiral, visited a few days subsequently the studio of Velasquez. Starting at sight of the portrait, he exclaimed, "What! art thou still here? How is it that thou art not gone?" and then, meeting with no response, he perceived his mistake, and, turning to the artist, said, "I assure you I was deceived."

Velasquez had a Moorish slave, named Juan de Pareja, whom he employed to grind his colors and prepare his materials for painting. He went with his master to Madrid, and accompanied him on two journeys into Italy. The boy thus acquired a taste for painting, and stealthily practised himself in the art. In 1651, on the second return

from Italy, Pareja painted a small picture, and placed it in his master's studio, with the face towards the wall. Philip, who was in the habit of visiting the studio at pleasure, on this occasion ordered Pareja to turn the picture he had thus concealed. The boy obeyed, and, upon the king's demanding the name of the painter, fell at his feet and begged the monarch's intercession with Velasquez. Philip, turning to the astonished artist, declared that the talent of a painter ought not to consist with the condition of a slave, and requested Pareja's liberation. Velasquez, of course, complied with the royal demand, and in return the grateful boy remained faithfully attached to the service of his old master, and to that of his daughter after Velasquez's death. Juan de Pareja did not become an artist of great merit.

A picture called "Las Meninas" (which may be translated "The Maids of Honor") is one of the most celebrated productions of Velasquez. Philip IV., on visiting the studio after its completion, took a brush and painted the Cross of Santiago on the breast of Velasquez, who is one of the group represented in the picture. The honor which the king in a moment of enthusiasm had sought to bestow upon the artist was confirmed to him by a dispensation from the Pope, as Velasquez's pedigree was not such as to entitle him to it otherwise. He received at the same time a patent of nobility or "Hidalguia." Velasquez enjoyed the honor of knighthood hardly a year. It was conferred in November, 1659, and he died in August, 1660.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born at Seville, on the 1st of January, 1618: he was, therefore, nineteen years younger than his great contemporary Velasquez. His parents designed him for the church; but, his taste for painting becoming developed at an early age, they were induced to forego their own plans for his future, and allow him to enter the school of his kinsman Juan de Castillo.

It is said that while yet a child, too young to be conscious of any impiety in the act, the little Bartolomé, whilst his mother was at church, altered a favorite picture of "An Infant Christ and a Lamb," by removing the glory from the head of the Saviour and putting his own little hat upon it, at the same time transforming the lamb into a dog,—an animal of which he was himself particularly fond.

In the school of Castillo were two disciples besides Bartolomé, who obtained some celebrity in Spanish art,—Pedro de Moya and Alonso Cano. Murillo soon surpassed the other pupils, and had wellnigh learned all that Castillo could impart, when that master suddenly left Seville. Unwilling to enter a rival school, Bartolomé practised himself in painting by means which, perhaps, to his genius secured greater advantages than would have been obtained by years of strict adherence to the rules of academic art. He attended the public market or fair at Seville, at which there was always great demand for pictures of a devotional character. With palette and brush he stationed himself there, accessible to all applicants, and painting any subject and at whatever price that offered. To gratify the varied and capricious taste of a crowded fair required no little quickness in conception, as well as rapidity and skill of execution. This experience was, therefore, highly valuable to the young artist.

At the age of twenty-three, Murillo encountered his old companion in the school of Castillo,—Pedro de Moya. The latter had returned from Flanders, where he had been a disciple of the great Flemish master Van Dyck. The style of this painter, or rather the mild reflection of it only in the works of his pupil De Moya, so attracted the fancy of Murillo that he resolved to seek instruction in the foreign schools of art. Wanting the means of travel, the young artist resorted to a singular expedient for obtaining money. He bought a large piece of canvas, divided it

into squares, and painted upon it every variety of subject calculated to attract and please the popular taste. There were pictures of favorite saints, sacred subjects, landscapes, animals, flowers, &c.,—every thing which from his experience at the fair of Seville he knew would find acceptance. Thus furnished, he repaired to Cadiz, the great port for the Indies, and tempted the ship-captains to buy all his canvas. With the small stock of pistoles thus raised, he set out for Madrid.

In the capital Murillo was kindly received by his fellow-citizen Velasquez, then at the height of his fame and fortune. But these had no power to spoil the kind heart of the court-painter, whose friendship then bestowed upon the indigent boy was continued to him through life, and not abated even when the genius of Murillo threatened to eclipse that of the great master in the favor of the nation. Admitted under the roof of Velasquez as his pupil and friend, and allowed access to the works of all the great artists with which the palaces and convents of Madrid then abounded, Murillo rapidly laid the foundations for that eminence in art which he subsequently attained. The pictures of his own master, Velasquez, with those of Titian and Van Dyck, were his chief models; but he was not a copyist, infusing rather his own originality of genius and feeling into every subject which his pencil touched.

After spending two years in Madrid, Murillo returned to Seville, and there accepted a commission to paint eleven pictures for the cloisters of a Franciscan convent. The monks had but a small sum wherewith to remunerate the artist who should undertake this work. Unable, in consequence, to obtain the first talent in Seville, they were forced to content themselves with the stranger unknown to fame, who, because his necessities were greater than those of his brethren, was willing to paint the pictures for a trifling compensation. Nothing could exceed the astonish-

ment of Seville upon the completion of these pictures. Murillo was everywhere courted and praised, and he who but a few years before had left his native city alone and friendless now found himself the acknowledged leader of her schools. He was soon in a position to marry a lady of some fortune, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, of whom he had become enamored, but to whose hand he had not hitherto dared to aspire, on account of difference in station. Murillo is said to have won the regard of his mistress by painting her face as that of an angel in an altar-piece which he executed for a church in Pilas, the native city of Doña Beatriz.

About the time of his marriage, which took place in 1648, Murillo made a marked change in the style of his works. His first pictures were dark, and somewhat cold and hard in their outlines, in a style known as the "Frio." Such were the eleven paintings executed for the Franciscan convent. In his second style, called the "Calido," or warm, he painted the St. Anthony of Padua, and fifteen very fine pictures for the Capuchin convent at Seville. In the same style also are those beautiful productions of his brush, the pictures painted for "La Caridad," a hospital dedicated to St. George, situated without the walls of the city.

Murillo was a true son of Seville; and in nothing does his identity with her modes of thought and feeling show itself more clearly than in the depicting of that subject in the history of the Virgin, which has gained for him the name of "el pintor de las concepciones." The doctrine which these pictures are designed to illustrate and impress upon the mind is that of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. Early in the seventeenth century, a Dominican monk had asserted that the Blessed Virgin inherited with other mortals the fallen nature of humanity. The rival Franciscan order contended that she was free from all taint of original sin; and this view was warmly espoused and

maintained by the entire population of Seville. To this day, during the solemnities of Holy Week, picturesque processions may be seen in the streets of that city, bearing aloft a rich standard, called the "sin pecado," and singing hymns in honor of the Immaculate Conception. They are preceded by priests bearing richly-chased silver lamps, whilst the banner of gold and velvet, adorned with a picture of the Virgin, and surmounted by a cross, is carried in the rear. Before them every house and balcony is brilliantly illuminated, and the lights extinguished as soon as the sacred banner has passed. This gives the effect of the effulgence being produced by this mystic symbol. Formerly the devotion of the Sevillians to this mystery was evinced by one of their social customs. Whenever a person entered a house or came upon a circle of friends, his salutation was, "Ave Maria purissima," to which the response came, "sin pecado concebida." At the present day this exclamation is seldom heard save from the lips of mendicants.

By the rules of the Inquisition, as laid down in the book of Pacheco, the Virgin was to be represented, in all pictures of the Conception, at the age of fifteen, of a beautiful and serene countenance, her arms crossed meekly upon her breast, and attired in robes of blue and white,—the drapery in which she appeared in a vision to Beatriz de Silva, a Portuguese nun, who founded the order of the Immaculate Conception. She could be represented, when treating of this mystery, as bruising with *her* heel the serpent's head; also in the attitude of the woman described in Revelation xii. 1: "The moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." In alluding to Murillo's many and beautiful pictures of this subject, Ford says,—

"Never has dignified composure and innocence of mind, unruffled by human guilt or passion, heavenly beatitude past utterance, or the unconquerable majesty and 'hidden strength of chastity,' been more

exquisitely portrayed. She appears in a state of ecstatic beatitude, and borne aloft in a golden aether to heaven, to which her beauteous eyes are turned, by a group of angels, which none could color like him. The retiring, virgin loveliness of the blessed Mary seems to have stolen so gently, so silently on her, that she is unaware of her own power and fascination."

One of Murillo's beautiful pictures of the Virgin and Child is called "La Servilleta," from the circumstance of its having been painted upon a dinner-napkin. The story goes that one of the brethren of the Capuchin convent served the painter with great zeal, and in return begged for a picture. On finding that there was no more canvas in the convent, the brother, afraid of losing his promised prize, asked Murillo to execute it upon a table-napkin. The artist laughingly consented, and produced that beautiful work still known as "The Virgin of the Napkin."

Whilst engaged upon a picture for the great altar of a Capuchin convent in Cadiz, Murillo fell from the scaffolding, receiving injuries from which he never recovered. After lingering a few painful months, he expired at Seville, on the evening of the 3d of April, 1682. In a chapel of the parish church of La Santa Cruz, where Murillo worshipped, there was suspended over the altar a picture of "The Descent of Christ from the Cross," by the Flemish artist Campaña. Before this picture Murillo, it is said, would stand for hours gazing in mute admiration. One evening, as the sacristan was about to close the gates, he perceived the artist, and asked him why he lingered. "I am waiting," was the reply, "until these holy men have brought the body of our blessed Lord down from the Cross." Beneath this altar-piece were laid to rest the remains of the great painter. Inscribed upon the slab of stone which covered his grave were the words: "Vive moriturus." ("Live as if about to die.")

Out of Spain, Murillo is best known by pictures repre-

senting other than devotional subjects. His beggars, street-boys, peasant-women, gipsies, &c., are very celebrated. They are perfect representations of what may be seen to-day in the streets and squares and suburbs of Seville. The admiration of foreigners for these Murillos began at an early date. Evelyn, in his diary, April, 1690, mentions that an English nobleman "bought the picture of the Boys, by Morillio, the Spaniard, for eighty guineas." With the children of Seville the lamb has always been a pet animal. As the traveller of to-day sees the pretty creature, adorned with ribbons and flowers, bearing tiny panniers laden with grass, led and caressed by its light-hearted little master or mistress, he cannot but recall the frequent appearance of the lamb, emblem of innocence, in the pictures of Seville's great artist, and remark how true he is, even in little traits, to the spirit of his native city. It would be impossible to enumerate all of even the most celebrated pictures of this great master. The "John of God," still in Seville, the "Santa Isabella," called also "El Tiñosa," at Madrid, "Moses Striking the Rock," "The Loaves and Fishes," and "The San Antonio," all in Seville, are a few which have won the greatest admiration of the lovers of art.

Seville upon the discovery of the New World became the mart of the Spanish colonies in America. So strict was her monopoly of this golden tribute that no shipmaster, from whatsoever port of Spain he might have sailed, but, under penalty of death, must bring his return cargo to this commercial depot. These were days of proud prosperity for the fair city of Seville. When Columbus paced her streets clad in the garb of a Franciscan, devoting the wealth which he should gain to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, and the ships of Ojeda and Cortez and Magellan departed from this favored port on their voyages of discovery and conquest, we are not surprised that many of the greatest names which appear in the annals of Spanish

America should be associated with Seville. Here is to be found the only authentic portrait of the great discoverer; here, too, is the valuable library bequeathed by his liberal and learned son, Fernando Columbus; and here, in a broken-hearted old age, closed the adventurous career of the Conqueror of Mexico.

At Seville was born that brave and constant friend of the Indian, the benevolent and gentle-hearted Bartolomé Las Casas. When a student at the University of Salamanca, the young Bartolomé was attended by an Indian slave, a gift of Columbus to the elder Las Casas. This circumstance awakened in the youth an interest for the race, which was deepened when he visited the New World and observed the severe and excessive toil to which, in the mines and elsewhere, the Indians were subjected. Las Casas noted that their delicate constitutions and slight frames were fast breaking down under the rigorous task-work laid upon them by their conquerors, and that, unless a remedy were soon found, the race would become extinct. Henceforth he devoted the energies and labors of a long and active life to their cause. In the year 1510 he became a priest, and for nearly forty years, either as minister or Bishop of Chiapa in Mexico, he continued the guide and comforter of his feeble and oppressed flock.

Six times he crossed the Atlantic to plead in their behalf. He stood before kings and emperors, with fervent zeal denouncing their wrongs. He opposed his own God-fearing uprightness and purity to the spirit of craft and avarice which animated the oppressors of the Indian. In the closet, in the pulpit, in the court of kings,—everywhere did this bold yet gentle apostle of the Indians advocate their cause. When an old man at Valladolid, he devoted his closing years to the same noble end. His labors were in great measure successful, and the name of Las Casas

stands out in bright relief against the dark background of the picture which portrays the history of the Spanish conquests in the New World.

Lope de Rueda, the founder of the national theatre of Spain, was a gold-beater of Seville, his native city. Before Rueda's time, which was about the middle of the sixteenth century, there had been occasional dramatic exhibitions. These, as we have seen, were chiefly of a religious character, set forth by command of the church or court upon royal rejoicings or sacred festivals. There was nothing which could fairly be considered as springing from or belonging to the people. Lope de Rueda was both a writer and actor of plays. The author of *Don Quixote*, when a boy, had been fascinated by this dramatist and his strolling company of players; and yet "in the time of this celebrated Spaniard," says Cervantes, "the whole apparatus of a manager was contained in a large sack, and consisted of four white shepherd's jackets, turned up with leather, gilt and stamped; four beards and false sets of hanging locks, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. . . . The theatre was composed of four benches, arranged in a square, with five or six boards laid across them, that were thus raised about four palms from the ground. . . . The furniture of the theatre was an old blanket drawn aside by two cords, making what they call a tiring-room, behind which were the musicians, who sang old ballads without a guitar."

This rude apparatus was set up in a public square, or in front of a church, or in the court of a monastery, as the strolling company, consisting of not more than five or six players, wandered from one province of Spain to another,—now in the courtly cities of Seville or Madrid, and again delighting the simple rustics of a country village. The performances were always in the daytime, and generally upon Sundays or other sacred festivals of the church.

The management of this rude drama was generally in the hands of some religious brotherhood, and the rents paid by the theatrical company were devoted to the support of hospitals or other charitable institutions.

Lope de Rueda's short dramas and plays are characterized by an easy and familiar style of expression, a spirit of gay good humor, and a very happy depicting of the opinions and manners of every-day life in Spain. Lope de Rueda died about the year 1567. Perhaps we should ask no stronger evidence of success in the humble but talented player of Seville, than the fact that he was deemed not unworthy of a tomb where repose the ashes of the honored dead amid the clustering columns in the nave of Cordova's great cathedral.

Fernando de Herrera, one of the sweetest lyric poets of Spain, was an ecclesiastic of Seville. Devotion to the home of their nativity seems a natural trait in the true-hearted sons of this city; we notice it everywhere in the works of Murillo; and now in the verses of Herrera we find none more attractive than those which sing the praises of the Guadalquivir and the fair city on its banks. Of Herrera's compositions, his odes in the Italian style are the most celebrated, especially one on the battle of Lepanto, and another on the defeat and death of Sebastian of Portugal.

This prince, animated with all the valor and enthusiasm of a knight of chivalry, undertook, in the year 1578, an expedition for the recovery of Northern Africa from the hands of the Infidel. The brilliant victory of Lepanto had fired the national mind with visions of a final overthrow of the Moslem power, and the deliverance of the multitudes of Christian captives who were pining in the dungeons of Algiers. These hopes were not destined to fulfilment. Of Sebastian's gallant army scarce fifty bore back to Spain

the woful tidings of their sad defeat and the loss of their noble leader. Thenceforth Don Sebastian became among the Portuguese a national hero; but nowhere are his virtues and valor praised more worthily than in the ode of the Spanish poet.

Of Herrera's shorter poems, the greatly-admired "Ode to Sleep" has been made accessible to the English reader through Professor Longfellow's translation.



## BARCELONA AND VALENCIA.

Provence—Provençal Language—Literature—Introduction into Spain—Royal Patronage—Persecution—Decline of the Provençal—Revival in Fourteenth Century—Villena—Ferrer—March—Roig—Extinction of the Language—Castilian Writers—San Pedro—Virues—De Castro—Cancioneros—Art—Juanes—Ribalta.



CATALONIA and Valencia, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, are celebrated as the homes of Provençal poetry. There prevailed the songs of troubadours, poetic tournaments, courts of love, and all the graceful influences of the “*Gaya Ciencia*.”

Provence, or that portion of the South of France lying between Italy and Spain, was secured, partly by its situation and partly by the character of its rulers, from much of the rude warfare which during the Middle Ages desolated the rest of Europe. A language composed of the Latin of the ancient colony and the Burgundian tongue of the conquering Teuton lent its powerful influence towards fusing into one people the inhabitants of this sequestered province; a mild climate and genial soil softened and refined their manners; whilst under the beneficent sway of twelve Burgundian princes of one family or descent, they were protected in great measure from civil or foreign wars, in which the ambition of rulers involved surrounding countries.

The Provençal language, crossing the Pyrenees, soon spread throughout the eastern provinces of Spain, and with

it was developed a literature remarkable for its grace and refinement in the rude age which produced it. In the year 1092 the male line of the house of Provence became extinct, and a few years later the crown was transferred to the Spanish province of Catalonia by the marriage of Almodis, daughter of Count de la Marche Limousin, with Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona. In the new court, poets and troubadours found the warmest encouragement; and still greater advantages were obtained for the extension of their language and literature when, in the year 1137, the Counts of Barcelona became Kings of Aragon.

Provençal poetry had its home in the courts and castles of princes. It was of no ignoble birth. The knights of Provence, who followed their liege-lady Almodis to Barcelona, were as proud of their poetic as they were of their heraldic honors. When the crown of Aragon became the heritage of the Counts of Barcelona, monarchs of this line were numbered among the patrons and votaries of the "Gaya Ciencia," "Gai Saber," or "Joyous Art," as it was variously called. Alfonso II., who reigned towards the close of the twelfth century, composed troubadour songs, which are among the oldest authentic compositions in any of the modern dialects of the Peninsula. His court was graced by the famous Provençal poets Pierre Raimond of Toulouse, Aiméric de Péguilain, and Pierre Rogiers. The following is a translation, by Costello, of a little song of the last-named poet, addressed to his mistress:—

" Who has not looked upon her brow  
Has never dreamed of perfect bliss:  
But once to see her is to know  
What beauty, what perfection, is.

" Her charms are of the growth of heaven,  
She decks the night with hues of day:  
Blest are the eyes to which 'tis given  
On her to gaze the soul away!"

Early in the twelfth century a fierce crusade was raised, by the inhuman Simon de Montfort, against the Albigenses in the valleys of Provence. To this cruelly persecuted sect belonged most of the troubadours. The shouts of infuriate and bigoted soldiery banished the songs of love and gayety which had once made vocal this abode of the arts of peace. The persecuted fled to the court of Peter II. of Aragon, who, taking up arms in their cause, perished in the battle of Muret. The Provençal poets celebrated with gratitude the services of their royal protector who thus sacrificed his life in their behalf.

Still greater celebrity as a troubadour king belongs to Jayme or James I., the Conqueror, who reigned in Aragon between the years 1213 and 1276. In his court the bards of Provence found shelter and patronage at the hands of the knightly monarch and his fair consort, Eleanor of Castile. Courts of love and poetical tournaments were held within his dominions; and when he had achieved the crowning glory of his reign, the conquest of Valencia from the Moors, that beautiful province became the abode of the votaries of the Gay Science.

By the middle of the thirteenth century political revolutions and religious persecution had broken the spirits and hushed the songs of the troubadour poets in the valleys which had given them birth, and where they had flourished for three hundred years. For a time a fresh and even vigorous growth marked their transplantation to the new soil of the Spanish provinces. But this was not long to continue. In 1233, Jayme, desirous to screen himself from the suspicion of the Albigensian heresy held by the troubadours, restricted the Limousin Bible to the use of the clergy. This admirable translation, made with great care, was itself a treasury of finest literature, and, becoming the daily reading of the people, would have tended greatly to fix their language and ennoble the spirit of their compositions.

Early in the fourteenth century the decline of the Provençal language and poetry awakened regret in the provinces on both sides of the Pyrenees, where they had so long flourished. Efforts were made for their revival. At Toulouse, in the province of Aquitaine, a guild or society was formed, called "The Very Gay Company of the Seven Troubadours of Toulouse." A summons was given to all the lovers of poesy in the land to assemble on May-day and contend for the prize of the golden violet, which was to be the reward of the best poem. It was gained by Ramon Vidal, a Catalan of noble birth. A few years later the guild framed a code of laws, written partly in verse and partly in prose, for the regulation of these troubadour festivals. To the prize of the golden violet, which was to be given for the best song, were added two others, a silver eglantine for the best pastoral, and a "flower of joy," the yellow acacia, for the best ballad. It is said that, under the name of floral games, these festivals are still observed at Toulouse on the 1st of May.

The efforts thus made to revive the language and literature of Provence extended to Spain. In 1388 the King of Aragon sent to the court of France, requesting that members of the company of Toulouse might be sent to his court of Barcelona, in order to establish there a similar college for the revival and promotion of the Joyous Art. The institution thus founded at Barcelona was called the "Consistory of the Gaya Sciencia." A distinguished patron of this consistory was found in the person of a Castilian noble who accompanied Ferdinand the Just, himself a Castilian prince, to the court of Aragon in 1412. This was the accomplished Enrique or Henry, Marquis of Villena, a great lover of poetry, and an admirer of the graceful art of the troubadour. Although himself writing only in the Castilian tongue, he did more than any other poet of his age to promote the cultivation of the Provençal language.

Contemporary with Villena was Bonifacio Ferrer, brother of the celebrated persecutor of the Jews, St. Vincent de Ferrer. Bonifacio, who does not seem to have shared the bigotry of his brother, made a translation of the Old and New Testaments into the Catalan dialect; and this Bible was printed at Valencia in 1478, at the expense of a German merchant. Before this vernacular edition could be circulated, it was suppressed by order of the Inquisition; and so complete was its destruction that even the knowledge that it had ever existed was lost in the Spanish nation. "Long after the era of the Reformation," says M'Crie, "it was taken for granted by all true Spaniards that their language had never been made the unhallowed instrument of exposing the Bible to vulgar eyes."

In 1645, nearly two hundred years after the publication of Ferrer's translation, four leaves of a copy of it were found in the library of a monastery at Portaceli. At the present time but one leaf remains,—that containing the twentieth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, from the ninth verse to the end. Fortunately, on this page is the imprint, or colophon, as it is called, from which can be ascertained the name of the translator, and also of the printers, one of whom was a German and the other a Spaniard of Cordova. We have also the date of its appearance and the place of its publication.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century the crowns of Castile and Aragon were united; and this event sealed the fate of the Provençal language and literature.

The vigorous Castilian, born amid conflict, and preserved in the stirring ballads of the people, triumphed over the more graceful but less hardy language of poetical tournaments and courts of love.

The last of the distinguished troubadour poets were natives of Valencia; and amid the groves and gardens of this beautiful province lingered longest the spirit and

the verse of the Provençal bard. The names of these poets were Ausias or Augustin March, and Jaume or James Roig. The first may be called the Spanish Petrarch, as he was equally distinguished with the great Italian poet for his devotion to the lady of his love, whom, like Petrarch, he is said to have first seen in church on a Good Friday. His poems are pervaded by a tenderness of feeling and beauty of versification which made them great favorites in the author's day, and have preserved for them a reputation even among modern readers.

His contemporary and countryman Roig was inferior to March both in the merit and fame of his poetry. He was physician to Mary of Aragon, the wife of Alfonso V., and much esteemed in his time. Little, however, is known either of his personal history or of his works, his chief distinction being that he was the last of the troubadour poets.

"The cruel and shameful war of the Albigenses," says Professor Ticknor, "drove the Troubadours over the Pyrenees, and the revolutions of political power and the prevalence of the spirit of the North crushed them on the Spanish shores of the Mediterranean. We follow, therefore, with a natural and inevitable regret, their long and wearisome retreat, marked as it is everywhere with the wrecks and fragments of their peculiar poetry and cultivation, from Aix to Barcelona, and from Barcelona to Saragossa and Valencia, where, oppressed by the prouder and more powerful Castilian, what remained of the language that gave the first impulse to poetical feeling in modern times sinks into a neglected dialect, and, without having attained the refinement that would preserve its name and its glory to future times, becomes as much a dead language as the Greek or the Latin."

The literary fame of Valencia is not confined to the days when Provençal literature flourished there. It gave birth to writers in Castilian who are among the most distinguished in Spanish letters. Such are Hierónimo de San Pedro, Virues, Guillen de Castro, Fernando del Castillo,

and many of less celebrity who nevertheless exerted an important influence on the age in which they lived.

San Pedro was the author of a remarkable religious romance, which, under the title of "The Celestial Chivalry," was printed in Valencia in 1554. The author's design, as he explains in the preface, is to rid the world of the profane romances of chivalry, which, since the days of the *Amadis de Gaula*, had done so much mischief. The allegorical work of San Pedro, however, is to the full as extravagant as the wildest of the secular productions which he condemns,—the chief distinction between them being that, whilst he selects his subjects and heroes from the Sacred Scriptures, theirs are taken from the renowned knights or champions of profane history. By the magic of his pen, prophets, kings, and apostles become knights-errant, and their adventures are made to correspond with the characters in which they appear. In this manner, under the name of "Márvillas," or Wonders, are related the most striking passages of Bible history, from the Creation down to the crucifixion and ascension of our Lord.

The work was originally announced in three parts, called, respectively, "The Root of the Fragrant Rose," "The Leaves of the Rose," and "The Flower of the Rose," the last of which was never published. In the allegory relating the history of our Saviour, Christ is designated as "The Knight of the Lion;" his Apostles stand as the originals of the "Twelve Knights of the Round Table;" St. John Baptist is called the "Knight of the Desert;" and Satan figures as the "Knight of the Serpent."

The scene of the Temptation is described as a chivalric encounter, in which Abel, Moses, and David appear on the side of the "Knight of the Lion," whilst the devil has for his champions Cain, Goliath, and Haman, who no doubt were chosen as the Scripture personages most meet to be companions of the "Knight of the Serpent." The two-

edged sword of the Word with which our Saviour repelled the assaults of Satan is in this fanciful allegory converted into the actual weapon before whose sharpness the "Knight of the Serpent" is ignominiously put to flight. Interspersed with these exciting deeds of arms are exhortations delivered by the various characters on the doctrines of Christianity. The moral influence of these portions of the book was supposed to counteract the evils arising from that passion for the recital of adventures which possessed the nation.

Cristóval de Virues—called, from the part which he had taken in the famous battle of Lepanto, the "Captain Virues,"—was born in Valencia in the year 1550. He was the friend of Lope de Vega during that poet's Valencian exile, and with his assistance did much to promote a dramatic taste in his native city. The dramas which Virues wrote himself are of little worth. His fame rests chiefly upon a religious poem, called "Monserrate," embodying in poetic form that legend of the Spanish Church which has thrown around the wild solitudes of Monserrat a religious sanctity scarcely inferior to that of the national shrine at Compostella.

The legend relates that a hermit of this mountain, having committed a horrible crime, fled for absolution to Rome. The bishop condemned him to the severe penance of creeping on all-fours around the solitudes of his hermitage until he should receive a sign of pardon from heaven. After seven years of this dreadful discipline, during which he had come to resemble a wild beast rather than a human creature, a voice from the skies pronounced his pardon. He was restored by miracle to his proper shape, and the lady whom he had murdered was also brought back to life, and became the first abbess of the magnificent convent which was erected to commemorate this miracle.

Mons-Serratus, situated a few miles from Barcelona, derives its name from the jagged, saw-like appearance of

its outline. This singular mountain, rent, according to the monkish legend, at the moment of the Crucifixion, presents to the view a grotesque assemblage of cones, pyramids, pinnacles, sugar-loaves, &c., attaining in some instances to the height of three thousand three hundred feet. No scene could be more admirably adapted for the wild legend which, invented by the monks of the ninth century, has been so beautifully illustrated by the genius of Virues.

Guillen de Castro, another distinguished poet of Valencia, born there in 1569, was a contemporary and friend of the illustrious exile Lope, and a successful rival to that great master in the dramatic art. All of the thirty-seven or thirty-eight plays which he has given to the world are of great merit; and one called "The Youthful Adventures of the Cid," has, besides its intrinsic excellence, which is of a high order, the honor of being the original of that brilliant production of the French drama, the *Cid* of Corneille.

The most striking and beautiful portions of De Castro's play are those which describe the conflict between love and filial duty in the breast of Ximena when she becomes enamored of the murderer of her father. In the author's time the ballads of the national hero were sung daily in the streets of Spanish cities, and in the drama they are introduced with the happiest effect. The popular sentiment and feeling pervading "Las Mocedades del Cid" made this play a great favorite with the audiences of De Castro's own time and country, and render it also one of the most pleasing and faithful specimens of the Spanish drama of the sixteenth century which have come down to us.

At Valencia, in the year 1511, appeared the first extensive collection of miscellaneous poetry to which the title of "Cancionero General," a title afterwards so popular, was affixed. This curious and in some respects valuable compilation was the work of Fernando del Castillo. It contains, to quote from the announcement of Fernando,

"many and divers works of all or of the most notable Troubadours of Spain, the ancient as well as the modern, in devotion, in morality, in love, in jests, ballads, villancicos, songs, devices, mottoes, glosses, questions and answers." It would afford neither interest nor profit to analyze the contents of this formidable volume, containing as it does the contributions of more than one hundred authors, carried over the space of nearly a century. The term "troubadours" is not applied to those with whom we usually associate the title; for but few of these poems are written in the Provençal or Limousin language. It is used by Castillo as a general name for poet.

The contributions for the "Cancionero General" were collected from no ignoble sources. We find there the productions of the most distinguished statesmen and soldiers of the times, fully corroborating the assertion of Lope de Vega that "most of the poets of that age were great lords, admirals, constables, dukes, counts, and kings." The jests, devices, mottoes, glosses, &c. were curious species of poetry, peculiar in some respects to Spain, of little merit, and of no interest beyond the occasions which called them forth. The villancicos were gay songs, which took their names from their earliest authors, the villanos, or peasants, who sang them upon the festival of the Nativity and other church solemnities. These, with the ballads, constitute the most valuable portions of the Cancionero General.

Collections of poetry were regarded with favor from the middle of the fifteenth century: the first book ever printed in Spain was, in fact, a cancionero, containing forty poems recited at a festival held in 1474, the year in which the art of printing was established in the kingdom. The work of Castillo, presenting as it did the poems of the favorite authors of an entire century, was warmly welcomed. Nothing attests its success more emphatically than the number of editions through which it passed at Valencia, Toledo,

Seville, and finally at Antwerp in Holland, where the latest and most enlarged edition appeared in 1573, containing the productions of no less than one hundred and thirty-six authors, from the commencement of the reign of John II. down to the times of Charles V.

The following are a few poems taken from the *cancioneros*. The translations are by the English poet Sir John Bowring.

FOUNT OF FRESHNESS!

“ Fount of freshness! fount of freshness!

    Fount of freshness and of love!

Where the little birds of spring-time

    Seek for comfort, as they rove;

All except the widowed turtle,—

    Widowed, sorrowing turtle-dove.

“ There the nightingale—the traitor!—

    Lingered on his giddy way;

And these words of hidden treachery

    To the dove I heard him say:

‘ I will be thy servant, lady! ’

    I will ne’er thy love betray.’

“ ‘ Off! false-hearted, vile deceiver!

    Leave me, nor insult me so:

Dwell I, then, midst gaudy flowerets?

    Perch I on the verdant bough?

Even the waters of the fountain

    Drink I dark and troubled now.

Never will I think of marriage,—

    Never break the widow-vow.

“ ‘ Had I children, they would grieve me,

    They would wean me from my woe:

Leave me, false one! thoughtless traitor!

    Base one! vain one! sad one! go!

I can never, never love thee,—

    I will never wed thee,—no! ”

## THE TWO STREAMLETS.

“ Two little streams o'er plains of green  
 Roll gently on,—the flowers between;  
 But each to each defiance hurls,—  
 All their artillery are pearls:  
 They foam, they rage, they shout,—and then  
 Sink in their silent beds again;  
 And melodies of peace are heard  
 From many a gay and joyous bird.

“ I saw a melancholy rill  
 Burst meekly from a clouded hill;  
 Another rolled behind,—in speed  
 An eagle, and in strength a steed;  
 It reached the vale, and overtook  
 Its rival in the deepest nook;  
 And each to each defiance hurls,—  
 All their artillery are pearls:  
 They foam, they rage, they shout, and then  
 Rest in their silent beds again.

“ And if two little streamlets break  
 The law of love for passion's sake,  
 How, then, should I a rival see,  
 Nor be inflamed by jealousy?  
 For is not Love a mightier power  
 Than mountain-stream or mountain-shower?”

## EMBLEM.

“ What shall the land produce, that thou  
 Art watering, God, so carefully?  
 ‘ Thorns to bind around my brow;  
 Flowers to form a wreath for thee.’

“ Streams from such a hand that flow  
 Soon shall form a garden fair.  
 ‘ Yes; but different wreaths shall grow  
 From the plants I water there.’

“ Tell me who, my God, shall wear,  
 Wear the garlands round their brow?  
 ‘ I the wreath of thorns shall bear,  
 And the flowery garland thou.’”

Valencia was one of the three schools of Spanish art, Seville and Castile being the other two.

At the head of the Valencian school was Vicente Joanes or Juanes, born at a little town in the province, in the year 1523. He is sometimes called the Raffaelle of Spain, being said to resemble that Master in the paintings of the Holy Family. Among his greatest pictures is the series illustrating the "Martyrdom and Burial of St. Stephen." In the picture of the stoning, the contrast between the expression of Saul the Persecutor, doing God service, as he "verily believed," and that worn by the fanatical and enraged Jewish mob, is very striking. Head justly remarks, "Studies for such scenes must have been common in Spain. Many a Dominican might have sat for the Saul." Especially would this remark apply to Valencia, where the spirit which in the fourteenth century inspired the crusade of St. Vincent de Ferrer against the unhappy Jews animates in all its fierceness and bigotry the inhabitants of that province at the present day.

Juanes was a man of a devout religious temper, and is said to have prepared himself for the treatment of any sacred subject by confession and partaking of the communion. In his day, it is related, the Virgin appeared in person to a Jesuit priest, desiring him to have a picture painted which should correspond in every particular to the vision of the Madonna as he then beheld her. The Jesuit applied to Juanes, giving him a full description of the Virgin as she had been seen by him. After several failures, Juanes prepared himself anew for his work by confession and a period of fasting and prayer. He then applied himself to his canvas, and produced a painting so beautiful that, the legend states, the Virgin herself descended from heaven to express her approbation. This picture, called "La Purísima," is still to be seen in the church of San Juan at Valencia.

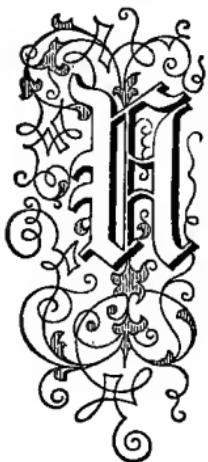
Although Juanes was the true head of the Valencian school, he was not its greatest master. That distinction belongs to Francisco Ribalta, who was born in the province about the year 1551. He pursued his art-studies in the capital, and there fell in love with his master's daughter, Saida (The Happy). The father, observing that in all of Ribalta's paintings there was a trace of his daughter's features or expression, a something which always spoke of Saida, questioned him on the subject, and received in explanation a frank confession of the love of the aspiring artist for the maiden.

This aroused the anger of the father, and he drove Ribalta from his house. The young painter repaired to Italy, and there studied the works of Raffaelle and the Bolognese masters, perfecting himself in his art. Returning to Valencia, he chanced to reach the house of his former master during the absence of its head. Entering the studio, and finding there an unfinished picture, he completed it, in the presence of the delighted Saida, and then departed, to await the effect of his work upon her father. On the return of the experienced master, he was greatly struck by the finished picture, and, asking Saida who had done it, added, "This is the man to whom I would marry thee, and not to that dauber Ribalta." Of course the result was satisfactory to all parties. Ribalta attained the hand of his mistress, and a celebrity which secured to him abundance of employment.

The college of Corpus Christi at Valencia, founded by the archbishop Juan Ribera, is said to be a "museum of Ribaltas." It contains the master-pieces of that artist, among which are a "Last Supper," a "Holy Family," "Christ in the Garden," "Christ at the Column," and the pictures of Vincent de Ferrer, the tutelar saint of Valencia. The fine altar-piece in Magdalen College chapel at Oxford is said to be the work of this eminent Spanish master. He died at Valencia in 1628.

## MADRID.

Claims upon our Interest—Juan Valdés—Alcalá—Cervantes—Lope de Vega—Montalvan—Quevedo—Calderon—Ercilla—Art—Morales—Navarrete—The Escorial.



OTWITHSTANDING its high-sounding title, "La muy noble, leal, imperial, coronada, y muy heroica villa y corte de Madrid" ("the very noble, loyal, imperial, regal, and most heroic city and capital of Madrid"), this central capital of Spain possesses little of the architectural beauty or romantic associations which lend a charm to the other cities of the kingdom. It is chiefly as the birthplace or abode of Spain's greatest men of letters, as the city of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, and of Calderon, that Madrid possesses a claim upon our interest.

Of the perfection which the Spanish language had attained before the time of Cervantes, we have evidence in a remarkable book called "The Dialogue on Languages," supposed to be the work of Juan Valdés, who lived in the early part of the reign of Charles V.

Valdés was the first Spaniard who embraced the principles of the Reformation and disseminated them in his native country. He held doctrines so similar to those of Luther that some suppose him to have received them, whilst on a visit to Germany in the suite of the Emperor, from the great Reformer himself. From a letter, entitled "Advice on the Interpretations of Sacred Scripture," it is

abundantly evident that he had become deeply imbued with the opinions of Protestantism before he ever left Spain. This letter, written some years previous to his German visit, contains three remarkable assertions: one, "that in order to understand the Scriptures, one must not rely on the interpretations of the Fathers;" another, "that a lively faith in the passion and death of our Saviour justifies the sinner;" and, thirdly, "that it is possible to attain to a certainty regarding our justification."

Valdés was a lawyer, educated at Alcalá, and holding honorable positions about the person of the emperor. He was sent by that monarch as secretary to the Viceroy of Naples, and in that city exercised great influence in establishing the principles of the Reformation. As he died several years before the introduction of the Inquisition into that viceroyalty, he probably was not subjected to persecution on account of his religious opinions.

Valdés' gentle manners, distinguished learning, and ardent piety made him universally beloved, and commended him to the nobility and men of letters who at this period adorned the court of Naples.

In "The Dialogue on Languages," attributed, upon good evidence, to this author, occurs the following admirable remark:—"I write as I speak; only I take more pains to think what I have to say, and then I say it as simply as I can; for, to my mind, affectation is out of place in all languages." The dialogue is represented as carried on between two Spaniards on the one side and two Italians on the other,—the parties meeting in a country-house on the Bay of Naples. The discussion conducted between them regards the origin and character of the Castilian tongue, and is replete with valuable criticism and good taste.

Owing, probably, to the heretical character of its author, this valuable work was suppressed in manuscript, and not published until 1737, nearly two hundred years after

Valdés' death, "and therefore," says Ticknor, "as a specimen of pure and easy style, was lost on the age that produced it." Valdés' death took place in 1540, seven years before the birth of him who did most to render illustrious the language and literature of Spain,—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, the author of *Don Quixote*.

The ancestors of Cervantes were an ancient and honorable family of Galicia. During the lapse of some five hundred years, its descendants in numerous branches had spread throughout the Peninsula, and even extended the name to Mexico and other parts of Spanish America. The Castilian branch in the fifteenth century had allied itself by marriage with the Saavedras, and seems to have declined in its fortunes; for the parents of the son who was to confer the greatest glory upon his race were poor citizens of the town of Alcalá de Henares, about twenty miles distant from Madrid.

The Roman name of Alcalá was Complutum,—a corruption, probably, of Confluvium, the junction of the rivers. During the recovery by the Christians of the Moorish conquests in Spain, this place was taken by Alfonso VI. A French archbishop who accompanied the Spanish army on this occasion saw the vision of a cross in the skies, and related it for the encouragement of the sovereign. Alfonso, after the victory, granted to the prelate all the lands in the vicinity of the spot on which he stood when he beheld the sign of conquest. This same archbishop, Bernardo, was made first primate of Toledo; and Alcalá, fostered by him and his successors, grew rapidly in wealth and prosperity. Its most distinguished patron was the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, who in 1510 established here a university, which became the Cambridge, as Salamanca was already the Oxford, of Spain.

When the French king, Francis I., was the prisoner of Charles V., eleven thousand students received him at

Alcalá, and entertained him for three days with such magnificence that the captive monarch exclaimed, "One Spanish monk has done what it would have taken a line of kings in France to accomplish!" The university in that age boasted nineteen colleges and thirty-eight churches, endowed with the munificent wealth amassed by the cardinal-regent during the days of his power, all of which was expended upon this favored institution.

Here, in the year 1514-15, was printed, in six folio volumes, the celebrated Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes. It was written in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Chaldaic, and prepared with great care and at immense cost by this eminent scholar. He lived long enough to see the last sheet in print, but not long enough to know that the Inquisition-spirit whereby he had so often afflicted others would be, as if by retributive justice, visited upon himself, in the posthumous history of his own great work. The Pope, at the instigation of Cardinal Pole, prohibited the publication of it for nearly eight years, and then limited the edition to six hundred copies. This celebrated Bible, the Complutensian Polyglot, takes its title from the old Latin name of Alcalá.

In this distinguished town, connected, as we have seen, with the most venerable associations of learning, was born Miguel de Cervantes, on the 9th day of October, 1547. Of his boyhood we have no certain information, save that he is mentioned with praise as a beloved pupil by a learned professor in the University of Madrid. In 1570 he was in the suite of Julio Aquaviva (afterwards cardinal), and accompanied that ambassador to the Papal court of Pius V. The following year was formed the "Holy League,"—a combination, entered into by Rome, Spain, and Venice, to curb the power of the Turks. A brilliant armament was fitted out, under the command of the romantic hero of the age, Don John of Austria. This enterprise against the enemy

of Spain and the oppressor of all Christendom fired the enthusiasm of the young Cervantes, and he enlisted in the ranks under the banner of Marco Antonio Colonna, who commanded the forces of the Holy See. On the 7th of October, 1571, was fought, with desperate valor, the naval battle of Lepanto. It was one of the most brilliant victories of an age renowned for its great battles. Of the two hundred and fifty armed galleys of the Turks but one hundred escaped destruction, whilst their loss in killed and wounded alone amounted to thirty thousand, a number equal to that of the combined force which the allies had brought against them.

Though laboring under an attack of fever, the ardent spirit of Cervantes impelled him to take part in the engagement; and the severe wounds which he received therein —one of which maimed him in an arm for life—he ever regarded as the glorious trophies of an honorable service. When verging towards old age, he thus alludes to these “honorable scars,” in reply to the coarse taunts of an envious rival:—“I am guilty, it seems, of being old; and it is also proved upon me that I have lost a hand! As if I had the power to arrest the progress of time! or that this maim was the effect of some tavern-brawl, and not received on the noblest occasion that past or present times have witnessed or the future can ever hope to see!” Cervantes spent the winter of 1571-2, with other wounded compatriots, in the hospital at Messina; in April of the latter year he was again engaged in conflict with the Infidel. Attached to a Flanders regiment, one of the most distinguished in the armies of Philip II., he remained in the service until 1575, and during this period visited many parts of Italy and Sicily. Having at length received an honorable discharge, and bearing letters of commendation to the Spanish king from his illustrious commander Don

John, Cervantes embarked for his native country on board of a galley called "The Sun."

These were perilous times for the marine of Spain. The seas were infested with corsairs ever on the watch for Spanish vessels. "The Sun" was captured, and Cervantes, with his brother Rodrigo, carried to Algiers, where he passed five years of adventurous and painful captivity. His first two masters were, the one a Greek, the other a Venetian renegado, both implacable towards those of the religion which they had themselves abandoned, and, in consequence, cruel masters. The letters which Cervantes had so bravely earned were now the means of adding to his misfortunes. They led to the belief that he was a person of distinction, and thus induced his captors to sharpen the rigors of his imprisonment, in the hope of extorting an exorbitant ransom. The good nature, energy, and cheerfulness of Don Miguel never forsook him during five years of cruel captivity spent in unceasing efforts to accomplish the deliverance of himself and his companions. The first attempt was made by bribing a Moor to guide them to Oran, a Spanish settlement on the coast: the infidel proved treacherous, and, deserting them at the end of the first day's journey, the sad-hearted captives were forced to return to Algiers. The following year some Christians were ransomed, and, going to Spain, bore letters to the sorrowing parents of Rodrigo and Miguel Cervantes. The family reduced itself to poverty in raising money for the ransom of these suffering relatives. But the cruel Dali Mami, Mignel's master, would not release him for less than five hundred crowns; and Rodrigo returned home leaving his brother still in captivity.

In 1577 the indefatigable Cervantes concerted a well-laid plan of escape. A ransomed Majorcan, named Viana, engaged at a certain season to have a frigate in readiness off the coast. Miguel, with fourteen of his companions,

secured a cave in the garden of Hassan Aga, near the sea-shore, and about three miles from the town. A Spanish slave kept the gate of the garden, and refused admittance to visitors, on pretence that it was prohibited by the Dey. Another slave, called the Gilder, supplied the party with food. At midnight on the 28th of September, Viana had his frigate in readiness, and was just upon the point of landing, when, an alarm being raised, he was forced to sail away. The next day the Gilder betrayed the unhappy captives, who were seized by thirty Turkish soldiers and brought into the presence of the Dey. Don Miguel, with the noble and chivalrous spirit which characterized him through life, took the entire responsibility of the conspiracy upon himself. Impressed by his magnanimity, the Dey spared his life, but ordered him to be heavily ironed and confined anew in the dreadful prison known as "The Baths of Algiers." Hassan Aga himself now purchased Cervantes for the sum of five hundred crowns, declaring that "unless that lame Spaniard were well guarded he could not consider his slaves, his galleys, or even his capital, safe."

Meanwhile this formidable captive was not forgotten in the humble Spanish home on the banks of the Henares. His father was dead; but the widowed mother and two sisters wrought night and day to raise the large ransom required by his Moorish masters. A portion of the sum was at length obtained, and placed in the hands of two good monks, who departed for Algiers in the hope of redeeming the long-lost son and brother. One of these generous monks Cervantes thus describes:—

"A friar of the blessed Trinity,  
A truly Christian man, known as the friend  
Of all good charities, who once before  
Came to Algiers to ransom Christian slaves,  
And gave example in himself, and proof  
Of a most wise and Christian faithfulness.  
His name is Friar Juan Gil."

He it was who, upon finding the amount which he had brought too small to satisfy the rapacious Hassan, raised, by his own exertions and by begging contributions from the merchants, five hundred crowns of gold, for which sum, on the 19th of September, 1580, Cervantes obtained his liberty. The Dey had threatened that unless the ransom were immediately presented he would convey his captive to Constantinople; in which case all hope of his deliverance would have been extinguished.

On his return to Spain, Cervantes entered anew into the service of his country, and the next four years were spent with the Spanish forces in Portugal and the Azores. The remainder of his life, though less adventurous than the earlier portions had been, was by no means more prosperous. Poor, and compelled to seek subsistence by other means than the productions of his pen, he accepted the position of mercantile agent at Seville, which city he calls "a shelter for the poor, and a refuge for the unfortunate." But even here his poverty was excessive,—at one time causing his imprisonment for a debt to the government, so trifling in amount as to afford painful proof of the almost abject want to which this noble genius was reduced. Penury, with all its grinding ills, could not repress the cheerful, genial spirit of Cervantes; and although these evils followed him to old age, and even to "the bourn of life, where we lay the burden down," they never embittered his spirit nor rendered cynical his judgment of the world.

Cervantes died at Madrid, on the 23d of April, 1616. Ten days before, England had laid in the sepulchre, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the remains of her great dramatist, William Shakspeare. The ashes of the English bard, guarded by the quaint inscription upon his tomb, have never been disturbed; but none now knows the resting-place of Spain's brightest genius. He was buried in the convent of the Nuns of the Trinity; but no monument marked the

spot; and after the removal of the convent, which occurred a few years subsequently, all trace of his grave was lost. In the year 1835 a large bronze statue of Cervantes was erected in one of the squares of Madrid,—the first monument which Spain had ever raised in honor of any of her sons of genius.

In Cervantes's time, the passion for romances and tales of chivalry had reached a fanatical excess. No other reading found favor with any class of the people. The evil grew to be so formidable that at length these books were forbidden to be printed, sold, or read in the Spanish colonies of America, and in 1555 the Cortes petitioned that the same prohibition might be enforced in the mother-country also, even to the extent of burning all copies of romances found in the land. Half a century later, the genius of Cervantes effected what no legislation of king or Cortes could ever have accomplished,—“the downfall and demolition of that mischievous pile of absurdity,” by exposing “to the contempt which they deserved the extravagant and silly tales of chivalry” with which Spain had been overrun for more than two centuries.

At the head of these romances stood, unquestionably, the “*Amadis de Gaula*,” the work of a Portuguese author, Vasco de Lobeira, and given to the world probably about the close of the fourteenth century. The *Amadis de Gaula* became the fruitful parent of countless other romances of a similar character. The *Esplandians*, *Lisuartes*, *Amadis de Grecia*, the whole family of the *Palmerins*, the *Felix-martes*, &c., all show the strong hold which these fanciful productions had taken upon the popular mind of Spain. The famous romance which was the progenitor of so mischievous a race possessed merits to which even Cervantes, the unsparing exterminator of its descendants, renders homage. When the curate and the barber, as related in *Don Quixote*, are about to consign the mad

knight's library to the flames, the first volume put into their hands is the *Amadis de Gaula*. "I have heard say," remarks the priest, "that this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and that all the rest had their foundation and rise from it: I think, therefore, as the head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy." "Not so, sir," said the barber; "for I have heard also that it is the best of all the books of this kind; and therefore, as being unequalled in its way, it ought to be spared." "You are right," replied the priest; "and for that reason its life is granted for the present." The reprieve accorded by the curate has been renewed by succeeding generations; for this book is perhaps the only one of the numberless Spanish tales of chivalry which has found readers in modern times. The great Italian poet Tasso has paid his tribute of praise to the superior excellence of the *Amadis de Gaula* as compared with that of any of its contemporaries or descendants. He describes it as "the most beautiful and perhaps the most profitable story of its kind that can be read, because in its sentiment and tone it leaves all others behind it, and in the variety of its incidents yields to none written before or since." The design of this romance is to picture the character of a perfect knight. The hero *Amadis*, in every adventure, whether of love or war, is the model of all chivalric virtues and courtly accomplishments.

To undertake to destroy at one fell blow the passionate admiration felt by an entire people for its favorite literature, was indeed as bold an enterprise as was ever dreamt of by the most redoubtable knight of chivalry. And yet this was what the good-natured satire of *Don Quixote* accomplished. The adventures of the crazed knight and his simple squire exhibited such a grotesque and amusing parody on the follies of knight-errantry, that after the appearance of *Don Quixote*, in 1605, not a single book of this

description was written in Spain, and those which had before enjoyed the highest favor gradually ceased to be printed, until now these tales, whose name was legion, exist only among the rare curiosities of an antiquated literature.

Among the other works of Cervantes is the *Galatea*, a pastoral romance after the manner of the "Diana Enamorada" of Montemayor, a Portuguese author who flourished during the early part of the sixteenth century. The pastoral romance succeeded in favor to the romance of chivalry, and was also satirized for its extravagances. In *Don Quixote*, when the curate is about to save the Diana of Montemayor from destruction, alleging that "such books cannot do the mischief which those of chivalry have done," he is implored by the niece to burn it with the others, lest her uncle, "when cured of the distemper of chivalry," should by reading pastoral romances "take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe." In a play of Lope de Vega, also, he makes one of his shepherds exclaim, amid the peltings of a storm,—

"And I should like just now to see those men  
Who write such books about a shepherd's life,  
Where all is spring, and flowers, and trees, and brooks."

Yet, upon the whole, the descriptions of rural life, of the pure and simple pleasures of the country, and the sweet lyric poetry with which they abound, rendered these prose pastorals for a long time a favorite and innocent style of Spanish literature. *La Galatea* of Cervantes, which was never finished, is said to have been written in order to win the favor of Doña Catalina, the lady whom he married shortly after the publication of this fragment. The *Galatea* is well described by the author himself, in the discussion between the barber and the priest upon the inspection of *Don Quixote's* library. "This book is the

Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes," said the barber. "That Cervantes has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though nothing is concluded."

Of Cervantes's dramas only two remain, "El Trato de Argel," or, Life in Algiers, and "La Numancia," a play founded on the old Roman siege of that heroic city. Both contain striking and beautiful passages. His last work was a grave romance, called "Persiles and Sigismunda," which was published by his widow six months after her husband's death. The crowning production of Cervantes's genius is undoubtedly the *Don Quixote*, which, admirable as it is in itself, is yet more wonderful when we consider the age and circumstances of its author. "If we would fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*," says Professor Ticknor, "we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light, and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart."

#### LOPE DE VEGA.

This admired and versatile genius, who through the long period of half a century surpassed even Cervantes in the popular favor, was born at Madrid, on the 25th of November, 1562. His father had left the old ancestral fief of La

Vega, situated in a picturesque valley amid the mountains of Leon, and removed to Madrid, only a short time before the birth of the poet. A passion for poetry possessed the young Lope at a very early age; and it is related that, before he knew how to write, he would bribe his school-fellows, by the promise of a share of his own breakfast, to set down the verses which he dictated to them. When a student at the College of Madrid, and only fourteen years of age, he was seized with a longing to throw off the trammels of discipline, and go forth into the world. Filling the mind of one of his companions with the same wild desire, the two boys ran away from college and journeyed as far as Astorga, in the province of Leon. By the time they reached this place, experience had fully taught them the folly of their conduct, and disposed the truants to turn their thoughts and steps towards the comforts of home. On reaching Segovia, they entered a silver-smith's shop to exchange a few doubleons for smaller coin. Suspected of being thieves, they were seized by the silver-smith and brought before a magistrate. This worthy man soon discovered the true position of the young delinquents, and did them as well as their friends the kindness of restoring them to their homes under charge of an officer of justice. A year or two later, Lope de Vega became a student at the University of Alcalá, where he received a literary degree, and was only prevented from taking orders as a priest by the circumstance of his falling desperately in love. On leaving Alcalá he entered the service of Antonio, Duke of Alva, a grandson of the infamous favorite of Philip II. He became the private secretary of this nobleman, and at his suggestion wrote his first published production, the "Arcadia," a pastoral romance, which obtained popularity in that day, although the forced and unnatural representations of the story, and the pedantry of the style, would not commend it to readers of the present age.

About this time Lope de Vega married Isabella, daughter of Diego de Urbina, who held the honorable position of king-at-arms at the court of Philip II. and his successor. Shortly after his marriage, and at a time when one would least have expected such an indiscretion, the poet fell into a disgraceful quarrel with a nobleman, which terminated in a duel, wherein Lope wounded his antagonist. He was in consequence thrown into prison, and subsequently exiled to Valencia. The conduct of the poet's youth had not been creditable, as we infer from his own confessions in alluding to his banishment, which arose, he says, from "love in early youth, whose trophies were exile, and its results tragedies;" and in another poem he declares that "Love-vengeance, disguised as justice, exiled me." His banishment, which extended through a period of several years at Valencia, was cheered and softened by alleviations which seldom fall to the lot of an exile. He formed a friendship with many congenial minds among the poets of a city whose reputation for literary excellence was only second to that of Madrid. He was accompanied to Valencia by a "true friend," as he justly calls him,—Claudio Conde,—who had shared his prison in the capital, and who through life continued a staunch adherent of the poet. Lope enjoyed, moreover, the society of his beloved wife, whose "silent words and gentle smiles," he declares, were "the consolation of his exile." In 1587 he returned to Madrid. Isabella de Urbina died a few months after; and again the restless and adventurous spirit of the poet was aroused, and he determined to become a soldier.

It was in the year 1588, when Philip's Invincible Armada—that mighty fleet, designed to drive the Queen of England from her throne and subjugate her kingdom—was preparing to leave the shores of Spain. Lope, accompanied by Conde, marched to Lisbon, and embarked on board the galleon St. John. There he met a brother

whom he had not seen for many years, but whom he now found serving as lieutenant on the same vessel to which he was himself attached. The disasters which befell the vaunted Armada of the Catholic King are too well known to need repetition. Besides the general hardships and sufferings which Lope de Vega shared with all who engaged in that ill-fated expedition, there was one peculiarly his own. His newly-found brother died in his arms, from a wound received during a sanguinary encounter with the Dutch. After four months of continued disaster, fighting with desperate English mariners, exposed to the fury of English fire-ships, and tossed by adverse winds, a few shattered vessels of the once proud fleet made their humiliating entry into a Spanish port. Among the survivors of this ill-starred Armada was Lope de Vega.

Perhaps one of the most singular incidents connected with this expedition is that Lope found opportunity and inclination, amid all its horrors and hardships, to write the greater part of one of his longest and most celebrated poems,—“The Beauty of Angelica.” Did not the assertion come from his own pen in the preface to this work, we could scarcely believe that he wrote it “under the rigging of the galleon St. John and the banners of the Catholic King.” The “Beauty of Angelica” asserts itself to be a continuation of the famous “Orlando Furioso” of the Italian poet Ariosto. The plot of the story is as follows. A king of Andalusia leaves his kingdom by will to the most beautiful claimant, male or female, who can be found. Many aspirants offer themselves for the tempting prize; and much of the amusement of the tale springs from the vanity and presumption of those who urge their claims. At length Angelica appears in her surpassing beauty: her right is at once acknowledged, and, with her lover Medora, she is crowned at Seville. This simple plot is interwoven and overlaid by adventures of chivalry and tales of en-

chantment, until the whole becomes so extravagant that, says Professor Ticknor, "we are as much wearied by the wild waste of fancy in which Lope has indulged himself, as we should have been by almost any degree of monotony arising from a want of inventive power." Remembering the circumstances under which "*The Beauty of Angelica*" was written, and that the poem by no means confines itself to the announced plot, we might naturally expect frequent outbursts of feeling against the nation and religion with which Spain was engaged in such deadly hostility. These, however, though they find occasional expression in this poem, are reserved for full utterance in an epic called "*La Dragontea*" and having for its subject the last exploits and death of Sir Francis Drake. To the Spaniards this English corsair, as they called him, was the embodiment of every thing which they hated and feared as English and Protestant. Drake's adventurous career had indeed given his enemies cause to hold his name in terror. He had plundered the Spanish colonies in America, had fallen upon the Plate fleets, robbing the galleons laden with the rich spoils of Mexican and Peruvian mines, had ravaged the very coasts of the Spanish peninsula, and, bolder still, had more than once occupied the port of Cadiz, —which exploit he facetiously termed "singeing the King of Spain's beard." In the recent Armada, one of the largest galleons had struck her colors in very fear of his formidable name alone. The poem of Lope is throughout an expression of the intense feeling of national hatred held by the Spaniards towards "*The Dragon*,"—by which fierce epithet the poet has chosen to designate his subject. It opens with the petition of a beautiful female, representing Christianity, pleading in the Court of Heaven for protection against the heretic pirate. The conclusion celebrates the rejoicings of the Spaniards at Panamá on the downfall of the Dragon, whose melancholy end is interpreted by the

poet as the visitation of God upon the sins of a Protestant buccaneer.

On his return from the fatal expedition of the Armada, Lope entered the service of the Count de Lemos, a generous patron of letters, and soon after became distinguished in that department of literature in which his fame rose highest,—the productions of the drama. In 1597 he married Doña Juana de Guardio, a lady of Madrid. For a few years he enjoyed much social and domestic happiness; and then affliction and disappointment again overtook him. He lost his wife, and a son of seven years, to whom he was tenderly attached. Shortly after he assumed the vows of the priesthood, and became a member of the brotherhood to which Cervantes afterwards belonged. He was made a familiar of the Inquisition,—by which term is to be understood a person whose services could at any time be demanded by the Holy Office. The only instance in which we find the poet exercising the odious duties of an Inquisitor is in 1623, when he presided at an *auto da fé* where a poor Franciscan monk of Jewish descent was burned on an accusation of heresy. Lope employed the leisure which his religious profession afforded in literary pursuits, increasing each year in favor with all classes, until his popularity as a national poet rose to a greater height, perhaps, than can be claimed for the poet of any other age or country.

To the patron of Madrid, St. Isidro, had been ascribed, in the year 1598, the king's recovery from a dangerous illness. The gratitude of Philip III., and the flattery of a court, combined to render Isidro from this time the fashionable saint of the capital. In 1599 Lope published a poem called "Isidro the Ploughman." It celebrated, in the old rhymed stanzas of the people, the virtues and miracles of this saint, and contributed to extend the popularity of the poet as well as the fame of the subject of his verse.

In the year 1620, and again in 1622, was held a great festival in honor of the Patron of Madrid. The one was on the occasion of the saint's beatification; the other, on that of his canonization, obtained from the Papal court after twenty years of persevering application on the part of the Spanish king. All classes of the capital vied in doing honor to the great occasions. The church which contained the remains of the saint was profusely ornamented. The rich merchants covered its altars with silver. The goldsmiths wrought of the precious metal a beautiful sarcophagus in which to deposit the revered relics. Offerings of the richest description were made by grandee and hidalgo; and the mines of America yielded their wealth in offering to the humble Ploughman of Madrid. On the gorgeous stage erected in front of the church of St. Andrew were held the literary joustings,—poetical tournaments,—where the best poets of the day vied with each other in celebrating the praises of the saint. These occasions fully manifested the estimation in which the national poet was held: the highest prizes were awarded to him, and, during the nine days of the second festival, plays were expressly ordered from him by the city, to be performed in the presence of the king, the court, and the populace.

Lope de Vega's popularity continued unabated even to old age; but at the close of life the gay man of the world, the restless soldier, and the brilliant poet became an austere and fanatical monk. Despondency and gloom settled down upon his mind, fastings and discipline wasted his frame, until at length he sank under these excessive and prolonged austerities. His death took place on the 25th of August, 1635. The honors paid to his memory were as distinguished as they were universal. Three bishops officiated at his funeral; grandes of Spain followed his remains to the grave; and from the mourning capital a

wail arose in touching testimony to the grief of the national heart.

To examine the works of an author who is said to have written at least twenty-two hundred dramatic pieces, and whose further claims extend into almost every department of literature, would be alike a hopeless and unnecessary task, in a book like this. We will refer to a few of the varied styles in which he wrote, adding occasionally a specimen, where a translation can be obtained.

Among Lope's earlier productions are "Moralities," a species of drama encouraged by the clergy, and which were enacted in all the cathedrals and churches of Europe during the Middle Ages. One of these, called "The Soul's Voyage," was arranged for representation in one of the public squares in Barcelona. A figure clothed in white appears upon the stage in the character of a disembodied Soul. Satan, in the disguise of a ship-captain, with a black dress ornamented with fringes of flame, and attended by evil passions as his crew, then comes forward, and, accosting the Soul, invites her to enter his vessel:—

"Holloa! the good ship of Delight  
Spreads her sails for the sea to-day;  
Who embarks? who embarks, then? I say.  
To-day, the good ship of Content,  
With a wind at her choice for her course,  
To a land where no troubles are sent,  
Where none knows the stings of remorse,  
With a wind fair and free takes her flight;—  
Who embarks? who embarks, then? I say."

Human Will seeks to discover the direction of the New World to which Satan promises to lead them; but the devil ends all his questionings, by assuring the Soul that he is a more knowing pilot of strange seas than Magellan or Drake, and promises all who will embark a pleasant and successful voyage. The Soul and her attendants enter the

fatal bark; but in the midst of the perilous voyage they are saved by the arrival of the ship *Repentance*, which has Christ for its pilot, the saints for its crew, and the Cross for its mast. At the Saviour's summons the Soul sees her danger, and flies to the rescuing vessel, amidst an explosion of fire-works and the shouts of joy raised by the spectators.

Another description of plays with which the genius of Lope delighted the popular taste, is that known as "*Comedias de Capa y Espada*," or, "*Dramas with Cloak and Sword*." The name was designed to intimate the class of society represented in these plays,—the middle class, as distinguished from royalty on the one hand, and the peasantry and common people on the other. Lope wrote a prodigious number of these dramas, the titles of which are frequently taken from popular proverbs, these, in return, being not inaptly illustrated by the character of the piece. Of historic dramas, extending through almost every period, ancient or modern, Greek, Roman, and Spanish alike, his pen was almost equally prolific. Of these latter is an incongruous but interesting play called "*The New World of Columbus*." It sets forth the principal events in the life of the great discoverer, the scenes being laid partly in Spain and partly in America. The true motive of many of the Spanish adventurers is disclosed by "*Idolatry*," in a scene where this allegorical personage is represented as contending against the invasion of the strangers:—

"O Providence Divine, permit them not  
To do me this most plain unrighteousness!  
'Tis but base avarice that spurs them on.  
Religion is the color and the cloak;  
But gold and silver, hid within the earth,  
Are all they truly seek and strive to win."

Singular that the priestly poet should have allowed so strong an argument to fall from the lips of "*Idolatry*" against Spanish Christianity!

The pious Columbus believed himself to be led to the discovery of a New World by a spirit of divine inspiration. The poet gives beautiful expression to this conviction in a scene in which Columbus, at a time when his hopes of assistance are almost crushed, thus addresses his brother Bartholomew:—

“A hidden Deity still drives me on,  
Bidding me trust the truth of what I feel,  
And, if I watch, or if I sleep, impels  
The strong will boldly to work out its way.”

Another class of dramas were those founded on subjects drawn from common life. Among these, “The Captives in Algiers” was one calculated to appeal powerfully to the popular interest. It is an imitation in great measure from Cervantes’s rude play of “Life in Algiers,” and, like that, represents the sorrows and sufferings of captive experience which would affect deeply a Spanish audience at a time when many were mourning the fate of friends and relations in the land of the Moors.

In the year 1598 the Church prohibited the enacting of secular plays, and for two years the theatres of Madrid were shut up. The versatile genius of Lope soon accommodated itself to the new style of drama which this prohibition rendered necessary. He wrote a great number of so-called religious plays, founded on subjects drawn from Bible history, or upon the lives and miracles of saints. These “Comedias de Santos,” or Saints’ Plays, as they were termed, contained to the full as much adventure and intrigue as the most popular plays of the secular stage. There are rustic merry-makings, gay weddings of saints, Moorish combats, popular ballad-poetry, and, in fact, all the plot and interest of a “Drama with Cloak and Sword,” under the saving title of a “Comedia de Santos.”

Besides these more elaborate plays, Lope de Vega wrote about four hundred of a species called “Autos Sacramen-

tales," or "Sacramental Acts." These were performed in the streets on movable stages, carried in the grand processions which celebrated throughout Spain the festival of "Corpus Christi." During this season all the theatres were closed, and no plays save the "Autos Sacramentales" were allowed. The performance of these pieces was preceded by grotesque and irreverent mummings, which would seem little calculated to prepare the mind for the devout consideration of a religious mystery. Heading the procession was seen a horrible sea-monster, carried by bearers whose forms were concealed beneath its hideous folds, and surmounted by a female figure called "The Woman of Babylon." Then followed a party of children, singing hymns and chanting litanies, accompanied by groups with castanets, performing the national dances. Behind these came Moorish giants, leaping about in an alarming manner, greatly to the terror of the poor rustics, and the consequent amusement of those whom experience had taught the harmlessness of these pasteboard monsters. In the midst of this profane crew was borne the Host, concealed in a splendid shrine, and attended by priests. Then followed a long train, in which the king and grandees and foreign ambassadors, each bearing a taper, walked in procession with all the populace,—for on this occasion no distinction of rank was observed. In the rear of all came gorgeous cars, filled with the company of actors, whose performance was considered so important a part of the celebration that it was frequently called, from these equipages, "The Festival of the Cars." The procession, which throughout Spain, in every city, village, and hamlet, was made as magnificent as the place could afford, stopped before the house of some distinguished personage, and all, kneeling, awaited the performance of religious services; after this came the "Auto," which was considered the crowning delight of the sacred festival.

These "Sacramental Acts," though devoted to the celebration of so sacred a mystery, were not wholly serious in their character. Two parts of these plays, the prologue, called a *loa*, and a second part, or interlude, were entirely humorous; and the "Auto" proper alone has a claim to that religious tone which we should have supposed would mark the entire celebration of a *Corpus Christi* festival.

The principle upon which Lope de Vega constructed all his dramas without regard to proper rules of art is frankly avowed by him:—

"I write a play! But, ere I pen a line,  
Under six locks and keys let me confine  
All rules of art.—Next, Plautus! 'tis thy doom,  
And, Terence, thine, to quit forthwith the room;  
Lest ye upbraid me.—Books can speak, tho' dumb,  
And tell unwelcome truths. By other laws  
I write, laid down by those who seek applause  
From vulgar mouths; what then? The vulgar pay;  
They love a fool—and let them have their way."

In answer to the question of the puppet-showman in *Don Quixote*, "Have we not thousands of comedies full of mistakes and blunders, and yet are they not everywhere listened to, not only with applause, but admiration?" not a few of the compositions of this great national dramatist might be cited. In one play Lope introduces gypsies four hundred years before that strange race was known in Europe. In another, *Job*, *David*, and *St. John Baptist* are made contemporary characters. In some plays geography is quite set at defiance; whilst in others history and ethics suffer the same treatment. But all these inconsistencies are forgotten by reader and audience, or, at all events, forgiven, in the absorbing interest of his stories and plots. Another charm which fascinated the people for whom Lope wrote was the musical fluency of his versification and the frequent use he made of the old ballad-poetry of Spain.

He wrote with marvellous rapidity, finishing in two days an entire play, which his amanuensis could hardly manage to copy in the same amount of time. His genius gave such an impulse to the Spanish theatre that the two companies of strolling actors in existence when his fame began had increased to forty, and were well supported throughout the country. Lope de Vega was almost as well known and admired abroad as at home. In France and in Italy his plays were performed in the language in which they were written, and in those countries his name was sometimes announced to secure a full house, when the play to be performed was by some other author. His fame even extended to Constantinople, where one at least of his dramas was performed in the seraglio of the Sultan.

The following sonnet, translated from Lope by Professor Longfellow, is one of the most beautiful specimens in that style of writing which Spanish poetry has afforded us:—

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

“Shepherd, that with thine amorous sylvan song  
 Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—  
 Thou mad’st thy crook from the accurséd tree,  
 On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!  
 Lead me to mercy’s ever-flowing fountains;  
 For Thou my Shepherd, Guardian, Guide, shalt be;  
 I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see  
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.  
 Hear, Shepherd!—Thou who for Thy flock art dying,  
 O, wash away these scarlet sins! for Thou  
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner’s vow.  
 O, wait!—to Thee my weary soul is crying,—  
 Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see,  
 With feet nailed to the cross, Thou’rt waiting still for me?”

One of the most pleasing incidents in the personal history of Lope de Vega is his lifelong friendship for Juan Perez de Montalvan, his warm admirer and biographer.

Montalvan, the son of a bookseller of Madrid, was born

in that city in 1602, and began very early to write for the stage. At the Festival of St. Isidro he bore off one of the prizes, and soon after, though only eighteen years old, he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and, following the example of Lope, became a member of a monkish brotherhood in Madrid. He also obtained, like his friend De Vega, an office in the Inquisition. A few years later the still youthful Montalvan received a flattering and substantial token of the appreciation in which his writings were held. A rich merchant of Peru sent him a chaplain's salary, enjoining the poet to pray for a friend and patron in the New World who thus sought to render tribute to the genius he so ardently admired. The last work of the gifted Montalvan, whose career was as short as it was brilliant, is the high eulogium which he wrote within a few weeks after the death of his friend and literary idol, Lope de Vega. This was in 1636. Shortly after, his mental and physical powers, which had been overwrought by excessive labors, gave way, and the poet became hopelessly deranged. In this melancholy condition he remained until mercifully released by death on the 25th of June, 1638. Thus passed away, at the early age of thirty-six, "the first-born of Lope de Vega's genius," as a contemporary calls him, and one who followed so successfully in this favorite master's direction, that the same compliment was paid to his popularity which Lope had received,—viz., that plays which were never written by him were frequently printed under his name.

Montalvan's most celebrated drama is "The Lovers of Teruel," a play founded upon the following interesting tradition. In the early part of the thirteenth century there lived at Teruel, in Aragon, two lovers tenderly attached to each other, but whose union was prevented by want of fortune on the part of the cavalier. The father of the lady consents to the marriage at the end of three

years, if within that time the lover shall have distinguished himself in arms. The cavalier joyfully accepts the condition,—becomes a soldier, performs brilliant achievements which are at length acknowledged, and, covered with glory, returns to claim his bride. Meanwhile a rival has used every art to persuade the lady of her lover's death, and to induce her to listen to his own suit. At length, on the very evening when the brave soldier returns to Teruel, the maiden has consented and given her hand in marriage to his rival. The ceremony has just been performed, when the lost true-love stands before the bride. A heart-affecting scene follows, ending with the death of the unhappy lover, who expires of grief at the feet of his mistress. On the following day she is found, apparently asleep, upon the bier of the soldier: when they attempt to remove her, it is discovered that she too has died, the victim of a broken heart. The lovers of Teruel are buried in one grave. Faith in the authenticity of this story was general throughout Spain; and the drama of Montalvan, constructed in a pleasing manner upon this tale of love and sorrow, was never acted without producing a powerful effect. Other compositions of this author were popular in his time; but this alone has survived in undiminished interest through more than two hundred years.

Another noted contemporary of the great dramatist was Francisco Gomez de Quevedo y Villegas, born at Madrid in the year 1580. Perhaps few lives present a more striking instance of the vicissitudes of fortune than does that of Quevedo, in the contrast afforded by its opening and its closing years. Possessed of great natural ability, as well as of untiring industry, he made himself acquainted with various departments of knowledge, and became a graduate of theology in the University of Alcalá at the early age of fifteen. At Madrid he enjoyed the society of men of learning and fashion, and life was opening brightly before him

in his native city, when an unfortunate occurrence forced him into exile. Being present one evening in a church of Madrid, he witnessed an insult offered by an unknown cavalier to a respectable woman who was there engaged at her devotions. Quevedo protected the woman, fighting a duel with her assailant, whom he killed. The slain man proved to be a noble of distinction, and Quevedo fled for refuge to Sicily. In that island, the Duke of Ossuna, as Spanish viceroy, held a brilliant court, to which his young countryman was invited, and where he soon distinguished himself by his literary and political abilities. In 1615 he returned to Madrid the bearer of grants of revenue from Sicily,—in which welcome character he was well received and the offence for which he had been exiled forgotten. He subsequently returned to the court of the viceroy, which had been removed to Naples. During the ensuing nine years Quevedo occupied positions of trust and honor both at home and abroad. He received admission into the knightly order of Santiago, and as a diplomatist gained distinction by the important negotiations he effected for Spain with foreign powers. Thus, to the age of forty, almost unalloyed prosperity seemed to attend him.

In the year 1620 occurred one of those revolutions at court which the annals of Spanish royalty so often record. The Duke of Ossuna was disgraced, and his friends participated in his misfortunes. Quevedo was exiled to the Torre de Juan Abad, an estate which belonged to his family, in the northwestern part of Spain. Released at the end of three years, he kept aloof from all public offices and political honors,—though such were offered to him,—and devoted himself to the pursuits of literature. In 1639 this unhappy man was again the victim of political persecution. An enemy placed beneath the king's napkin at dinner some satirical verses, which were maliciously attributed to Quevedo. The suspected author was, in consequence, suddenly

arrested at night, and dragged from his home, to be thrown into the dungeons of the Convent of San Márcos de Leon. Here for more than four years he endured all the sufferings of disease and poverty. Confinement in a damp cell broke down his health, and the little property which he possessed became dissipated by neglect, until he was driven to rely upon the contributions of charity for his support. The unprincipled Count-Duke Olivares, the minister of Philip III., was the author of Quevedo's misfortunes, which did not terminate until 1634, when Olivares fell from power and was driven out of Madrid amid the joyful shouts of the populace. It had been long known that the satire for which Quevedo had suffered was not the production of his pen. Upon his release he retired to his mountain refuge at Torre de Juan Abad, and, broken in mind and body, soon sank into the grave,—thus attesting the truth of the declaration he had made in an appeal to the ruthless count-duke, that "no clemency could add many years to his life; no rigor could take many away."

Quevedo wrote voluminously in almost every department of literature. His papers were twice seized by the government, and on his death-bed he requested that many of his works should be suppressed. Notwithstanding these circumstances, the number which remains is large, though of unequal merit.

In 1631, in order to furnish a model of pure poetic style, rebuking the affected manner, called "cultismo," which then prevailed in Spanish verse, he published a small volume entitled "Poems by the Bachiller Francisco de la Torre." This little collection contains specimens of various descriptions of poetry, far superior, in tenderness of tone, natural imagery, and grace and beauty of diction, to any thing which has come down to us as the undoubted production of Quevedo. It has, therefore, been conjectured that these poems do not belong to him; and, as the author

he assigns is mentioned by no other writer of that age, the real authorship of this interesting collection remains a curious and unsettled question.

The same year in which Quevedo published the Poems of the Bachiller de la Torre, he brought out a collection of the poetry of Luis de Leon, justly deeming that no purer model could be offered to counteract the tendencies of the cultismo style. Though Quevedo could appreciate the good Fray Luis's poems, he was far from imitating the Christian and beautiful spirit with which that suffering monk had borne his persecutions. Quevedo returned from his exile with a spirit so embittered that it infused a tone of severe and even fierce satire into his writings. In his "Prose Satires," nearly all of which were written between the time of his exile to La Torre de la Abad and his second imprisonment in the cells of the royal convent, this spirit of bitter invective is particularly conspicuous. It is occasionally redeemed by touches of pathos as well as by the brilliant genius and wit of the author. The following extract is taken from "The Vision of Judgment," one of the most striking of the prose satires of the author:—

"Methought I saw a fair youth borne with prodigious speed through the heavens, who gave a blast to his trumpet so violent, that the radiant beauty of his countenance was in part disfigured by it. But the sound was of such power, that it found obedience in marble, and hearing among the dead; for the whole earth began straightway to move, and to give free permission to the bones it contained to come forth in search of each other. And thereupon I presently saw those who had been soldiers and captains start fiercely from their graves, thinking it a signal for battle; and misers coming forth full of anxiety and alarm, dreading some onslaught; while those who were given to vanity and feasting thought, from the shrillness of the sound, that it was a call to the dance or the chase. At least, so I interpreted the looks of each of them, as they started forth; nor did I see one, to whose ears the sound of that trumpet came, who understood it to be what it really was. . . . .

"But when it was fairly understood of all that this was the Day of Judgment, it was worth seeing how the voluptuous tried to avoid having their eyes found for them, that they need not bring into court witnesses against themselves,—how the malicious tried to avoid their own tongues, and how robbers and assassins seemed willing to wear out their feet in running away from their hands."

The following sonnet, translated by Mrs. Hemans, ranks, probably, among the earlier productions of this author:—

#### ROME.

" Amidst these scenes, O pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome?  
Vain is thy search; the pomp of Rome is fled;  
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;  
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.  
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,  
Forsaken, mourns, where once it towered sublime.  
Each mouldering medal now far less displays  
The triumphs won by Latium, than by Time.  
Tiber alone survives;—the passing wave  
That bathed her towers now murmurs by her grave,  
Wailing with plaintive sounds her fallen fanes.  
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,  
That seemed for years eternal framed to last;—  
Naught but the wave, a fugitive, remains."

The same beautiful valley amid the mountains of Leon in which lay the ancestral fief of La Vega, gave birth to the family of Pedro Calderon de la Barca. The origin of the name of Calderon is curious. A distinguished member of the family, who flourished in the thirteenth century, was at the moment of his birth supposed to be dead. The existence of life was discovered by the babe's being dipped into a caldron of warm water. As this child became in after-years an honor to his race, and a royal favorite during the reigns of Ferdinand the Saint and Alfonso the Wise, the singular incident at his birth was commemorated by the adoption of the name "Calderon," and the introduction of five caldrons as a device in the family arms. Later in

time another great Calderon fell fighting against the Moors; and his prowess added to the family escutcheon a castle, a gauntlet, and the motto "Por la Fé moriré" (I will die for the faith). This, then, was the somewhat singular, but honorable, coat of arms inherited in the seventeenth century by Pedro Calderon de la Barca, who was destined to add to the family honors of a more enduring character than those emblazoned on the old heraldic shield.

The poet was born in Madrid, in January of the year 1600. He was educated at first by the Jesuits in his native city, and subsequently at the University of Salamanca. In the poetical contests at the festivals of St. Isidro, Calderon appeared with other choice poets of his time, and won the commendation of Lope de Vega, who was then at the height of his popularity, and, as Cervantes termed him, "the monarch of the scene." Lope says, "Don Pedro Calderon, in his tender years, earns the laurels which time is wont to produce only with hoary hairs." The young poet, both as a brave soldier and an admired writer, won golden opinions during the next fifteen years, and, upon the death of Lope in 1636, succeeded to the popular favor which that great writer had so long and so uninterruptedly enjoyed. Calderon was invited to court as the dramatist for the royal theatres. In 1637 he received the cross of the order of Santiago; and a few years later, when about to accompany his knightly brethren against the rebellious Catalans, the king, unwilling to part with his favorite poet, sought to detain him by ordering the composition of a play. Calderon, who believed, with Cervantes, "that none make better soldiers than those who are transplanted from the region of letters to the fields of war, and that never scholar became soldier that was not a good and brave one," was eager for the martial duty. He therefore hastened the completion of the drama "Contest of Love and Jealousy," and then hurried to the field, where he distinguished him-

self by his loyalty and bravery until the suppression of the rebellion.

On his return he received fresh honors and rewards from Philip IV., to which in 1651—when, following the example of Lope, he joined a religious fraternity—those of church preferment were added. He became the head of the congregation of St. Peter, and in this office won the love of the brethren by the exercise of many amiable and excellent qualities. As in the case of Lope, Calderon's religious profession promoted his literary pursuits, and he became as favorite a dramatist as his predecessor had been. His autos were constantly in demand by the great cathedrals of Toledo, Granada, and Seville, for the celebration of the Corpus Christi festivals; and for thirty-seven consecutive years he supplied the capital with its annual entertainment on these important occasions. Calderon died on Whit-Sunday, 25th of May, 1681. Almost to the final hour of his life he was engaged in the composition of these admired autos. Says a Spanish historian, in a letter written immediately after the poet's death, "Our friend Don Pedro Calderon is just dead, and went off, as they say the swan does, singing; for he did all he could, even when he was in immediate danger, to finish the second auto for the Corpus." The day after his death, his remains were borne without parade, according to the directions in his will, to their tomb in the church of San Salvador. A few days later, more splendid funeral obsequies were performed, to gratify the wishes of his numerous admirers; and throughout Spain, as well as in many cities of Italy, eulogies were pronounced and public honors accorded by his countrymen in memory of this illustrious and popular poet.

In a life exceeding fourscore years in length, and which was devoted from the early age of sixteen to the labors of literary and especially dramatic composition, Calderon produced a vast number of every description of religious

and secular plays. His popularity as a dramatist seems to have exposed him even in a greater degree than Lope de Vega and Montalvan to the forgeries and plagiarisms of unprincipled booksellers. So many dramas were published under his name that at length one of his ardent admirers applied to Calderon for a list of his genuine productions. The applicant was the Duke-Admiral Veraguas, the descendant of Columbus, and at this time the accomplished head of that honored house. This catalogue furnishes the titles of seventy autos, and one hundred and eleven entire dramas, as the undoubted compositions of their distinguished author.

Among the productions of the religious drama, one, called "Devotion to the Cross," illustrates forcibly the peculiar religious faith and feeling of the Spanish people. It is with them the most admired, perhaps, of all Calderon's sacred dramas. The play is founded simply on the wicked adventures and career of a man who, despite all his excesses, finds favor with God from his extraordinary devotion to the form of the cross. To such an extent is the merit of this external devotion to the mere symbol carried, that the robber and murderer, having been killed in a disgraceful brawl, is restored to life by miracle in order that by confession he may obtain full pardon of his sins and be immediately translated to heaven, all in virtue of his unfailing reverence for the sign of the cross.

Among Calderon's secular plays, the "First of all my Lady," "Love survives Life," "The Physician of his Own Honor," "The Fairy Lady," and "The Scarf and the Flower," may be mentioned as perhaps the most admired. In his drama of "No Monster like Jealousy," founded on the conduct of Herod towards his wife Mariamne, as described by Josephus, the poet has embodied the very ideal of Spanish feelings of honor, love, and jealousy. One of this poet's finest plays, founded on the high sense of loyalty

inherent in the old chivalry of Spain, is called "The Constant Prince."

The chronicles of Portugal relate in many a touching story the defeat, capture, and imprisonment of their national prince, the Infante Don Ferdinand, who in 1438 undertook an expedition into Africa against the Moors.

Calderon, depicting the character of this popular hero in glowing colors, makes him refuse his release, because the terms upon which it is offered are injurious to his native land. The noble spirit which Don Ferdinand exhibits in thus suffering a horrible captivity in the country of the Infidel rather than cast even a shadow of dishonor upon Christendom, constitutes the great interest of the drama. The King of Portugal, who had gone down broken-hearted to the grave, mourning the captivity of his brother, directs in his will that the strong fortress of Ceuta shall be offered to the Moors in exchange for Don Ferdinand. The "Constant Prince" refuses to listen to these terms, and, replying to the Infante Henry, who urges his acceptance of them, exclaims,—

" Cease, Henry, cease!—no farther shalt thou go;—  
For words like these should not alone be deemed  
Unworthy of a prince of Portugal,—  
A Master of the Order of the Cross,—  
But of the meanest serf that sits beneath  
The throne, or the barbarian hind whose eyes  
Have never seen the light of Christian faith.  
No doubt, my brother—who is now with God—  
May in his will have placed the words you bring,  
But never with a thought they should be read  
And carried through to absolute fulfilment;  
But only to set forth his strong desire,  
That, by all means which peace or war can urge,  
My life should be enfranchised. For when he says,  
' Surrender Ceuta,' he but means to say,  
' Work miracles to bring my brother home.'  
But that a Catholic and faithful king

Should yield to Moorish and to heathen hands  
A city his own blood had dearly bought,  
When, with no weapon save a shield and sword,  
He raised his country's standard on its walls,—  
It cannot be!—It cannot be!"

Again, when the Moorish king demands, "And why not give up Ceuta?" the Christian patriotism of the noble captive breaks forth in his simple and beautiful answer,—

"Because it is not mine to give.  
A Christian city,—it belongs to God."

Angry at the failure of his hopes, the Infidel monarch renders the prince's imprisonment so rigorous that his health gives way. No amount of suffering, however, can induce the spirit of "The Constant Prince" to yield; and he dies just as an army sent to his rescue reaches the coast of Algiers. By a miracle he is permitted to appear to the Portuguese forces, attired in the habit of a military monk, and lead them on to victory. In return, they rescue his revered remains from the defilement of burial in the soil of the Infidel, and bear them to a consecrated grave in the country for whose honor he had suffered with such chivalric constancy.

Besides the two monarchs of the stage, Lope de Vega and Calderon, there flourished, for the most part contemporaneously with them, numerous dramatists of less distinguished merit. In fact, so popular had this species of composition become, that, in all conditions and classes of society, whosoever aspired to literary reputation at all wrote for the stage. Plays by a tailor of Toledo, a tradesman of Seville, a sheep-shearer of Andalusia, were well known in the time of Cervantes, who in *Don Quixote* makes frequent allusion to the popular passion for play-acting. At the opening of the eighteenth century the number of dramas which had then been published exceeded thirty thousand.

To the age of Philip II. belongs a narrative poem which, greatly admired in its time, has maintained its celebrity down to the present day. This is partly due to the praises bestowed upon it by Voltaire, and partly to the intrinsic merits of the poem. It is the *Araucana* of Alonso de Ercilla.

The wild province of Biscay, which gave birth to the ancestry of the poet, is regarded by him with feelings of pride akin to those with which Lope de Vega and Calderon claim the mountains of Leon as the birthplace of their race. "Behold," says he, "the rough soil of ancient Biscay, whence it is certain comes that nobility now extended through the whole land; behold Bermeo, the head of Biscay, surrounded with thorn-woods, and above its port the old walls of the house of Ercilla, a house older than the city itself."

Like Lope and Calderon, Alonso was born in Madrid, in the year 1533. His father, a member of the Imperial Council of Charles V., procured for his son at an early age an honorable position at court. He was appointed page to the prince, afterwards Philip II., and accompanied him, between the years 1547 and 1551, to Italy, France, and the Low Countries. In 1554, on the occasion of Philip's marriage with Mary of England, the young page went in the suite of his royal master to the court of the English queen.

Whilst there, news came of an outbreak among the Indians in the recently-conquered province of Chili, and Ercilla, with other young Spanish nobles, offered his services for the suppression of the rebellion. Arauco, the scene of the revolt, was a small territory, but of such renown for the bravery of its inhabitants that it had acquired the name of "the unconquered State." "Its soil," says a Spanish dramatist, "is fertilized by the bones of Spaniards. Alexander conquered the East with fewer soldiers than Arauco has cost Chili." Ercilla obtained the

consent of the prince to join an expedition the object of which excited alike the religious and the loyal enthusiasm of the youth of Spain.

The campaign in which he thus became engaged, as might have been expected, proved a long and bloody one. The young soldier was present in seven pitched battles, hardly won by the Spaniards, and endured innumerable hardships in marches through the wilderness.

On one occasion, during a time of truce, he came near losing his life at the hands of his own countrymen. In a tournament given in honor of the accession of his royal master to the throne of Spain, Ercilla became involved in a quarrel with a fellow-soldier, which ended in the parties drawing their swords upon each other. Instantly the partisans of each flew to his aid; more weapons were unsheathed, and a scene of confusion ensued. A rumor having spread that the cavaliers originating the affray intended to excite a revolt, the governor, Don Garcia de Mendoza, ordered them to be put to death. The sentence was subsequently changed for the lighter one of imprisonment and exile, but not until Ercilla had been actually brought forth to the scaffold for execution.

Upon his release, the poet-soldier continued his career of arms against the wild Araucans, and in the midst of this warfare began the composition of the Araucana. Neither the dangers, the fatigues, nor the hardships of his military life served to divert his literary zeal. From day to day, as they occurred, he noted down the incidents and adventures of the campaign,—now upon scraps of paper which he chanced to have about him, and again upon fragments of parchment which he had found in the abandoned cabins of the Indians.

His chief aim in this work seems to have been fidelity and accuracy of description, to which ends he constantly sacrifices poetic beauty. "Indeed," says Sismondi, "it can

scarcely be regarded as a poem: it is rather a history versified and adorned with descriptions in which the author never rises into the true poetical sphere." This criticism applies especially to the first part of the *Araucana*, which was written in America. The remaining portions were composed after Ercilla's return to Spain, and are enriched by a variety of poetic incidents, at least, if not pervaded by a poetic feeling.

In the later portions of his work the virtues and achievements of Philip II. are extravagantly praised, and the grossest flatteries paid to that bigoted prince. These obtained from the cold-hearted monarch no acknowledgment, and Ercilla passed his declining days in poverty.

The following sad review of the perils braved for an ungrateful monarch is found among the last lines which fell from the pen of the poet:—

" Ah! who shall tell how oft the Ocean's roar  
I braved in every clime?—now spreading forth  
My daring canvas to the freezing North;  
Now conquering on the far Antarctic shore  
The Antipodes; while in the changing skies  
Wondering I saw new constellations rise;  
Now tempting unknown gulfs with daring prow,  
To snatch a wreath to bind thy royal brow,  
Where the cold Southern zone the blissful day denies."

The poem closes with the author's expressed resolve to abandon the world, which had ever cruelly deceived his fondest hopes, and to devote the remainder of his days to the service of religion. He had then attained the age of fifty; and, as we hear no more of the disappointed soldier and poet, there is little doubt that he fulfilled his vow in the seclusion of some Spanish monastery.

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Madrid gave birth to no great painters, but in her celebrated Museo and in her churches are gathered specimens

of the finest works of Spain's best days. We will, therefore, mention, in connection with the capital, the few remaining names of note in Spanish Art which have not been given elsewhere.

Luis de Morales, who flourished early in the sixteenth century, was called the Divine,—“more,” as Ford remarks, “from painting subjects of divinity than from divinity of painting.” In the selection of such subjects, however, he could hardly be called singular; for the Spanish painters of his day are scarcely known by any other works than those of a religious character.

The precise year of Morales' birth is not known, but the anecdote which records that in 1581, when Philip II. was journeying to Portugal, he passed through the painter's native town, and, sending for him, remarked, “You are very old, Morales,” fixes it somewhere in the early part of the century. The old man's reply to the monarch was, “And very poor, sire;” whereupon the king ordered him a pension of three hundred ducats, which he continued to receive until his death in 1586.

Morales' favorite subjects were Pietas (a technical name applied to representations of the Saviour taken down from the Cross), Madonnas Dolorosas, and other scenes connected with the crucifixion. “In Spain,” says Ford, “and still more out of it, every head of Christ with a brown skin and suffering expression was ascribed to Morales.” In the parish church of a miserable village, “Arroyo del Puerco” (Pig's Brook), are still to be seen sixteen of the finest pictures of this artist. Other specimens may be found at Badajoz, his native city, in Madrid, at Alcantara, Evora in Portugal, and in the Spanish collection at the Louvre.

Juan Fernandez Navarrete was the great painter of the Escorial. When a child of three years, he lost by disease the faculty of hearing, and, consequently, never learned to

talk. From this circumstance he is generally known by the surname of *El Mudo*—the dumb.

Navarrete acquired the first principles of his art at a monastery near Logroño, his native place, and on attaining a suitable age was sent into Italy, where he studied in the various schools of Rome, Florence, Milan, Naples, and Venice. In 1568, on his return to Spain, he received the appointment of royal painter from Philip II., and executed those magnificent paintings of Saints and Apostles which adorn the altars of the chapel of the Escorial. "In these pictures," says the author of the *Hand-Book*, "*El Mudo* spoke by his pencil with the bravura of Rubens without his coarseness, and with a richness of color often rivalling even Titian."

One of these paintings—that of "Abraham and the Angels"—was removed by the French, and is now in the collection of the Duke of Dalmatia. In this picture Navarrete violated the absurd rules prescribed by the Inquisition, in representing the angels attired in the brown robes of a Nazarite, and with beards. He still more seriously offended by a picture of the Holy Family, into which he introduced a bird, and a cat and a dog quarrelling. To guard against similar profane eccentricities on the part of this painter, an especial contract was entered into with him when the paintings of the Escorial were to be committed to his hands. Therein it is expressly stipulated, "Whenever the figure of a saint is repeated by painting it several times, the face shall be represented in the same manner, and likewise the garments shall be of the same color; and if any saint has a portrait which is peculiar to him, he shall be painted according to such portrait, which shall be sought out with diligence wherever it may be: and in the aforesaid pictures the artist shall not introduce any cat, or dog or other unbecoming figure, but all shall be saints, and such as incite to devotion."

Navarrete was, like many of his contemporaries, an enthusiastic admirer of Titian. On one occasion the king directed that a "Last Supper" painted by this master should be cut, in order to fit a certain panel for which it was designed, in the refectory of the Escorial. El Mudo besought the king, by signs, not to commit this desecration, promising, at the forfeit of his head, to execute a copy of the masterpiece in six months. Great as would have been the labor required for such a work, a contemporary says that Navarrete would no doubt have performed it, had not the impatience of the king deprived him of the opportunity by ordering the picture to be cut.

Francisco Zurbaran, who lived during the former half of the seventeenth century, received his first instruction in art from the schools at Seville. At an early age he was summoned by Velasquez to Madrid, and painted "The Labors of Hercules," designed for the Buen Retiro, a beautiful country-place planned by the Count-Duke Olivarez for his master Philip IV.

It is related that whilst employed on these works his royal master visited him one day, and, after inspecting the pictures with great satisfaction, laid his hand upon the artist's shoulder, saluting him as "Pintor del Rey, y Rey de los pintores" (painter to the king, and king of painters). Zurbaran spent the remainder of his life at court, dying at Madrid in 1662.

His masterpiece is the "Apotheosis" of Thomas Aquinas, in the college of St. Thomas at Seville. The Saviour and the Virgin, with St. Paul and St. Dominic, appear above in glory, whilst below are Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory,—the four doctors of the Latin Church,—with St. Thomas Aquinas, who was admitted by Pope Pius V., in 1568, as the fifth great luminary of the Roman Church. The Emperor Charles V., and the Archbishop Diego Deza, the founder of the college, also appear in the picture.

At Seville, Madrid, Cadiz, and Valladolid, may be seen fine specimens of this master.

Before the invasion of the French, some of the finest specimens of art in Spain were to be seen in the palace of the Escorial. A description of this celebrated structure may, therefore, not be inappropriate in concluding a Manual of Spanish Art and Literature.

The Escorial—in its design at once a palace, a convent, and a tomb—was erected by Philip II. in fulfilment of the will of his father, and in the performance of a vow which he himself had made during the battle of St. Quentin. To the first object is due the character of this edifice as a royal mausoleum, and to the second are to be ascribed its peculiar form and monastic appointments.

The battle of St. Quentin was fought with the French on the 10th of August, 1557, a day commemorative of San Lorenzo, a native of Spain, who in A.D. 261, under the Roman Emperor Valentinian, suffered martyrdom by being broiled to death on a gridiron.

Philip II. besought the aid of this saint during the momentous conflict, promising, should victory crown the Spanish arms, to erect to his honor a magnificent monastery. The battle was won; and the Escorial testifies to the sincerity of the monarch's vow.

On the 20th of August, 1563, amid great pomp and solemnity, the corner-stone of the magnificent chapel was laid by the royal hand. The monastery had been begun in the previous April. The first occupants were fifty Jeronymite monks, which number was soon afterwards increased to one hundred. The leisure of more than thirty years of Philip's life was devoted to the erection and embellishment of this "eighth wonder of the world;" and from this palace-cloister "the holy founder," as he is called by the monks, boasted that with two inches of paper he ruled over both hemispheres.

The striking features of the Escorial are its vast proportions, the simplicity of its architecture, and the grandeur of its situation. "It stands," says Ford, "two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is part and parcel of the mountain out of which it has been constructed: it is so large that it looks grand even amid the mighty buttresses of nature which form an appropriate frame to the severe picture. Cold as the gray eye and granite heart of its founder, this monument of fear and superstition would have been out of keeping amid the flowers and sunshine of a happy valley."

Built in the form of a rectangular parallelogram, seven hundred and forty-four feet from north to south, and five hundred and eighty feet from east to west, its central cross above the great dome rising to the height of three hundred and fifteen feet, it stands in gloomy grandeur on a spur of the Sierra Guadarrama in New Castile, twenty-five miles northwest of Madrid.

The material used in its construction is a gray stone, called berroqueña, of excellent quality, and resembling granite in appearance. The stern Doric is the prevailing style of architecture. In the plan of this colossal pile the bigotry of Philip II. triumphed over his taste for art, inducing him to sacrifice beauty of proportion to the whimsical idea of making his new erection represent in form the instrument upon which its patron saint had suffered martyrdom. Courts which divide the long lines of cloisters represent the intersections of the bars of a gridiron; the royal residence projecting in narrow length towards the east forms the handle; whilst the inverted feet are suggested by the four towers at the corners of the monastery.

Covering an area of nearly three-fifths of a mile, the buildings of the Escorial present a combination of palace, museum, college, library, chapel, and cloisters. They contain eighteen hundred and sixty rooms, once adorned with

oil-paintings to the number of fifteen hundred and sixty, twelve thousand windows and doors, eighty staircases, fifty-one bells, and eight organs. No less than sixty-eight fountains play in the halls and courts, which were once embellished with statues of costliest marble and bronze, wrought with extraordinary beauty by the far-famed workmen of Milan.

When we remember that this convent-palace was the pride of monarchs who had the revenues of the Indies at their disposal and whose patronage of art munificently rewarded the labors of the most renowned artists of Italy and the Low Countries, one can scarcely consider the language of Prescott too strong when he says that "probably no single edifice ever contained such an amount and variety of inestimable treasures as the Escorial,—so many paintings and sculptures by the greatest masters,—so many articles of exquisite workmanship, composed of the most precious materials."

But the riches of this treasure-house have been ruthlessly plundered. The master-pieces of Raphael, of Titian, and of the schools of Spain, the richly-wrought statues and sculptures and vases, the beautiful marbles and porphyries and jaspers and precious stones, have fallen a prey to the invader. The palace is no longer the royal residence of Spanish sovereigns; and since the suppression of religious houses the Jeronymite convent has ceased to exist. One design of its foundation alone survives. The Escorial is still the magnificent sepulchre of the royal line of Castile. In the elegant language of the historian before quoted, "The spirit of the dead broods over the place. . . . Silence and solitude reign throughout the courts, undisturbed by any sound save that of the ceaseless winds, which seem to be ever chanting their melancholy dirge over the faded glories of the Escorial."

THE END.











